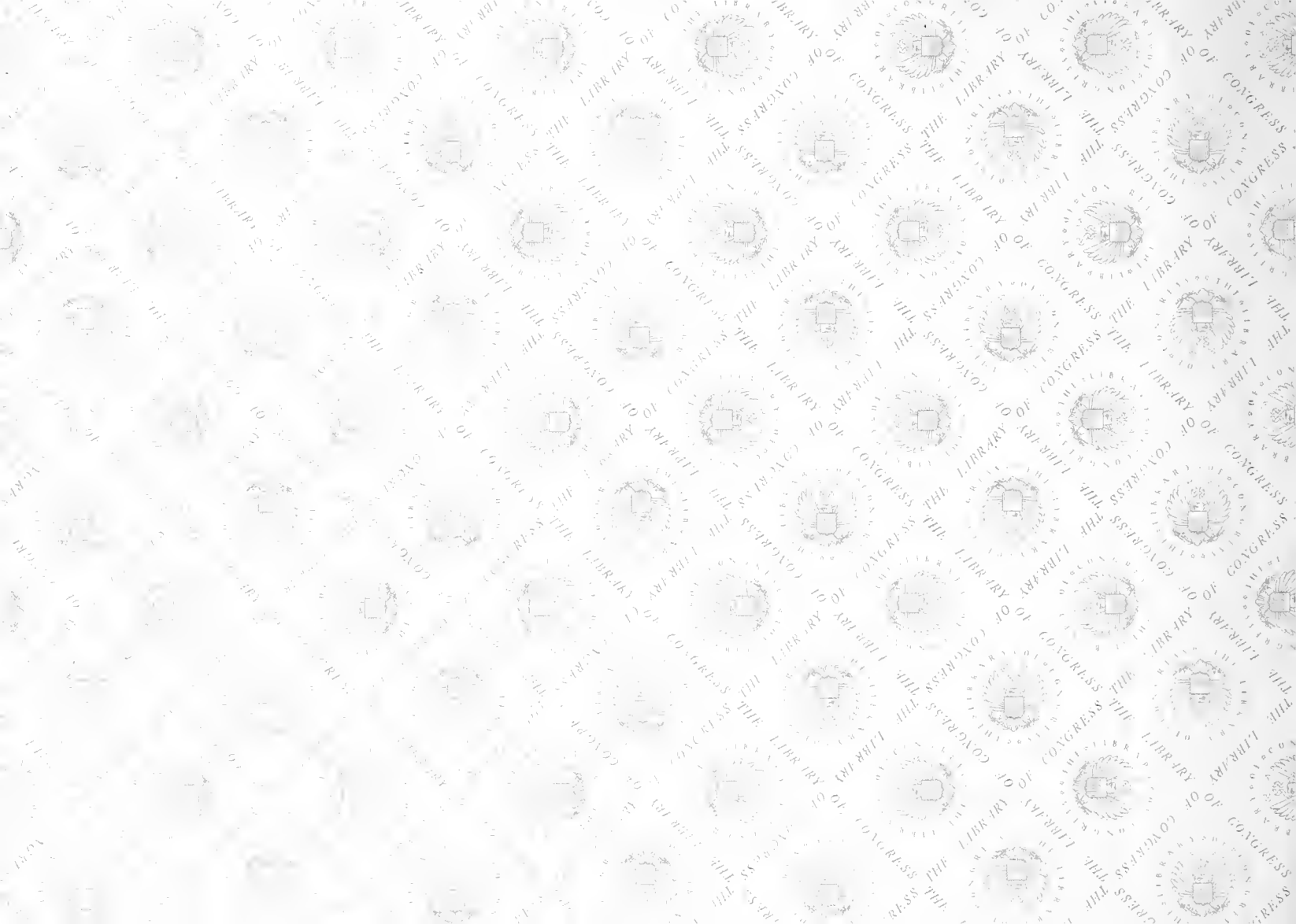
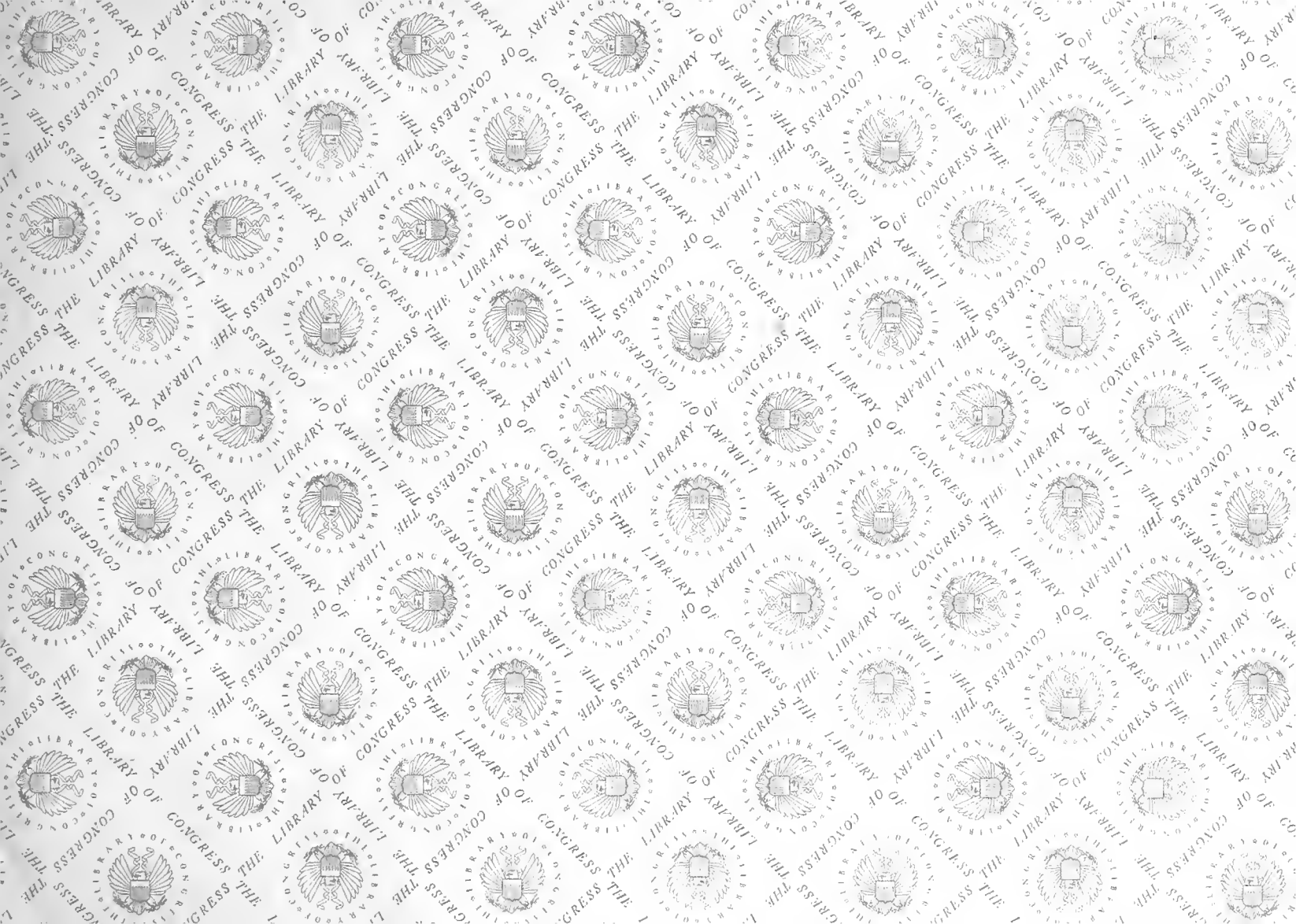


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Very Truly Yours
David Oscar Long

POEMS OF THE WHITE CITY

BY

DANIEL OSCAR LOY.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



CHICAGO:
DANIEL OSCAR LOY,
Publisher.
1893



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D. OSCAR LOY.

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DEDICATION.

There is plenty of gold and silver,
And diamonds hid under the earth,
But if you can never possess them
Please tell me how much they are worth.
If you dig them out of a mountain,
The success your labor secures,
Whether gold or silver or diamonds,
The jewels you gather are yours.

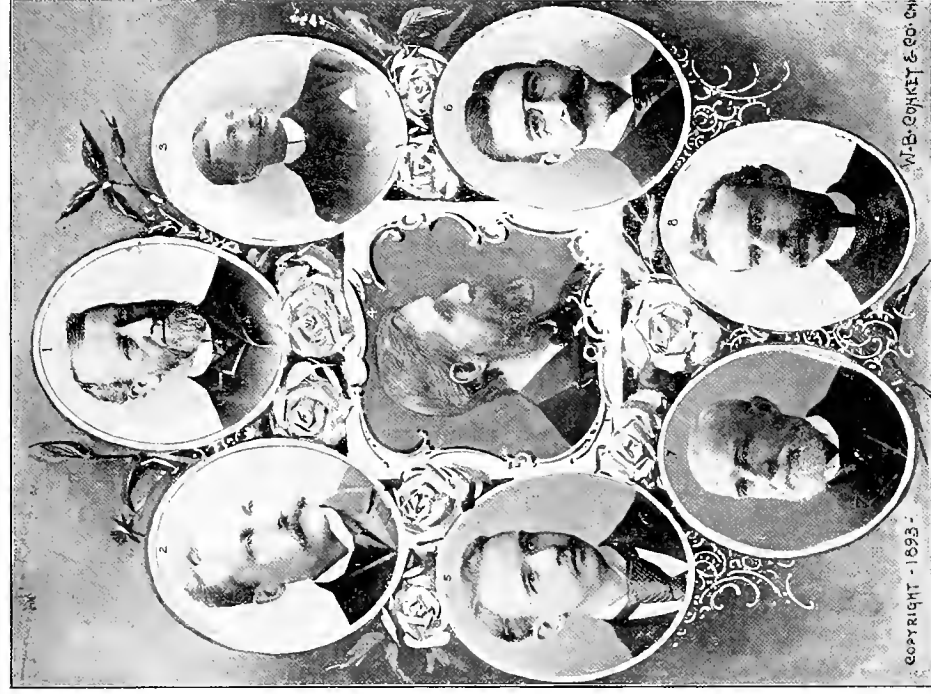
The World's Fair was at first a mountain,
Through toil all the land was improved,
By labor of true men and women,
The mountain has all been removed.
In its place now stands the "White City,"
Where all nation's flags are unfurled.
The World's Fair with all of its splendor
Is the grandest place in the world.

Many hard questions have been answered,
While discussing the rights and wrongs,
And while acting now as a juror,
Place credit where credit belongs.
To all of the World's Fair officials,
Who represent Nation and State,
To the officers of the World's Fair,
This book I will now dedicate.



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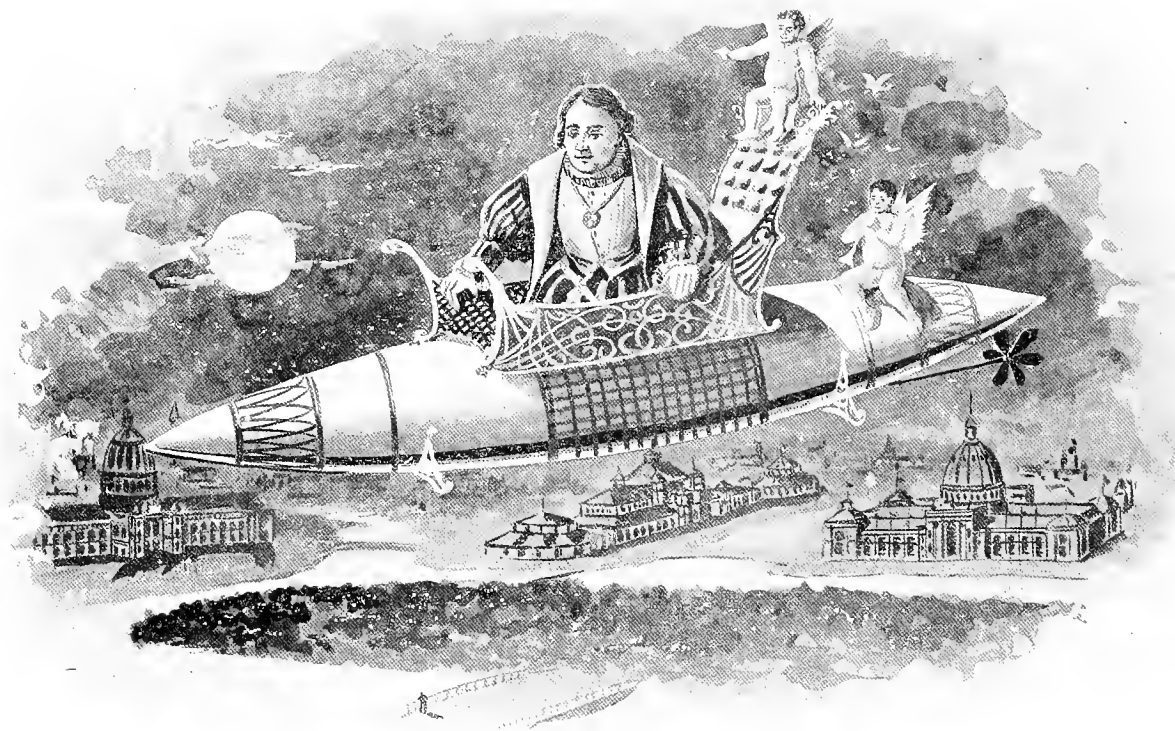
PREFACE.

• • •



O censure me would be unkind
For writing musings of the mind,
Since at the great Columbian show,
Musings do like a river flow,
Like boats upon the clear lagoon,
Or fragrance in the month of June ;
But in this book I hope you'll find
One thought at least to please your mind.
Please recollect the leading theme
Is founded on a World's Fair dream.
One sentiment herewith enrolled
Base metals often found with gold ;
One thought which time cannot destroy,
This book is not without a " Loy."

A WORLD'S FAIR DREAM.



"I saw a bright object sailing down from the skies."

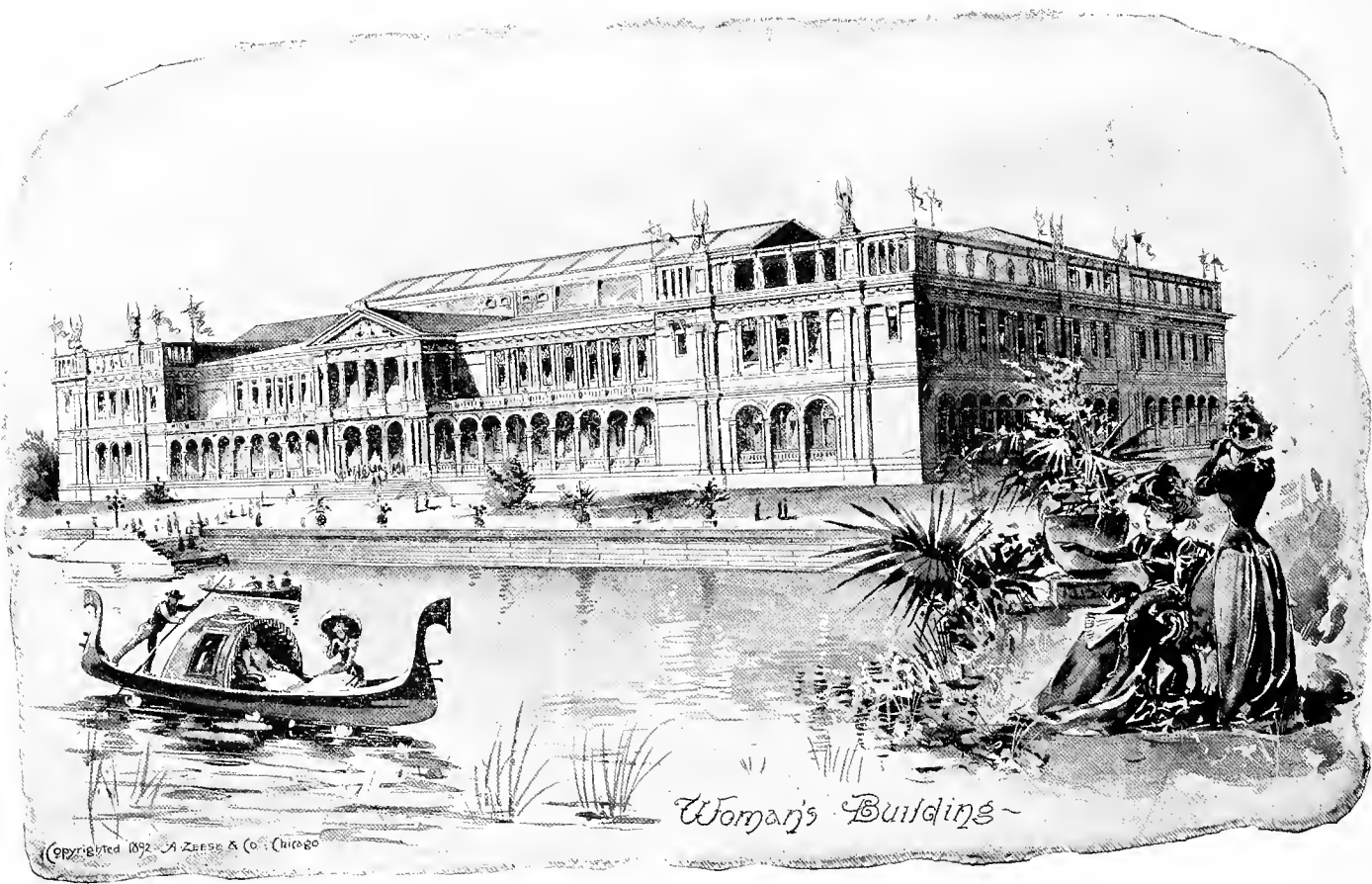
A WORLD'S FAIR DREAM.

When my day's work was done and the gates were all closed,
And the people all gone, as the guards all supposed,
Then I rambled, I thought, through the city so white,
Just to view the World's Fair all alone after night.

I was standing on a bridge which spans the lagoon,
Viewing the White City by the light of the moon;
The Columbian buildings seemed standing near by,
With their beautiful domes pointing up to the sky.

So real and so actual the White City seemed,
In the vision I saw while I slumbered and dreamed;
While on the lovely picture I feasted my eyes,
I saw a bright object sailing down from the skies

'Twas a sailor, I thought, in a ship in the air,
Sailing down from the skies to attend the World's Fair;
When it reached the earth I heard the trumpets sweet sound,
Then the captain knelt down and was kissing the ground.



Woman's Building -

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"I must see," said the stranger, "the Columbia show
In the land I discovered long ages ago;"
Then I quickly knelt down on the ground by his side,
And said: "Oh, Columbus, I will act as your guide."

Then I thought I took a Columbian wheel chair,
And went wheeling Columbus around through the Fair;
Now I will show you in rhyme the journey we took,
Which will make you a beautiful souvenir book.

To the Woman's Building was our first place to go,
Where for hours we admired their magnificent show;
Their useful inventions, and their fine works of art
Prove that Adam's fair daughters are doing their part.

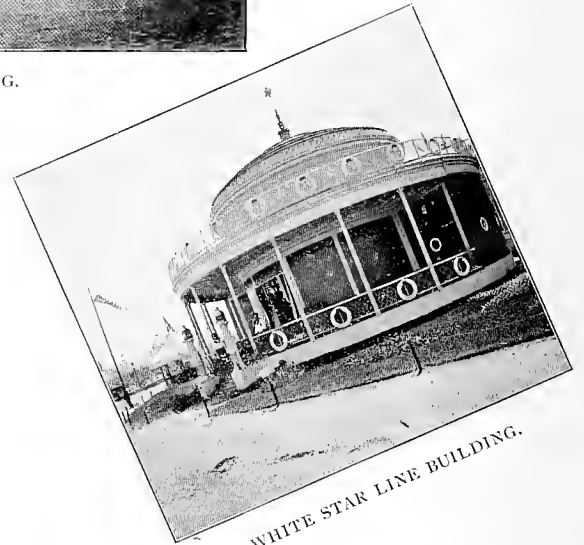
While tarrying there Princess Infanta we spied,
And the Duke of Veragua stood close by her side;
Said Princess Eulalie, "I'm no spirit or spook,
Allow me, Cousin Chris, here's your cousin, the Duke."



CHILDREN'S BUILDING.

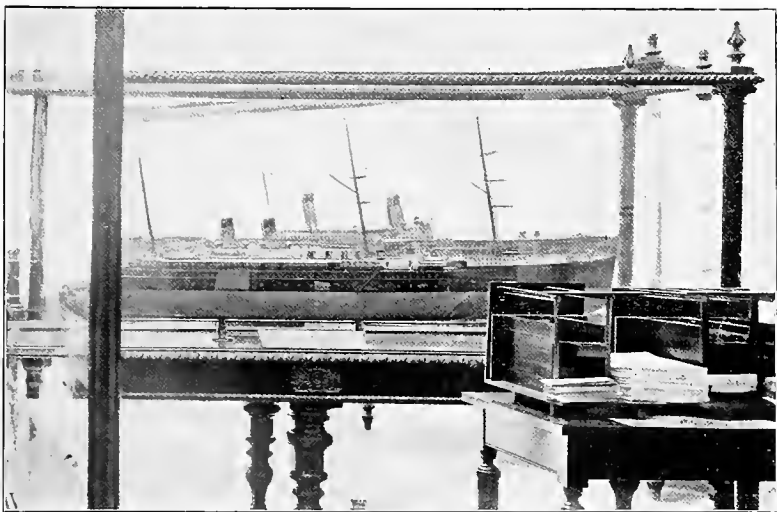


PUCK'S BUILDING.



WHITE STAR LINE BUILDING.

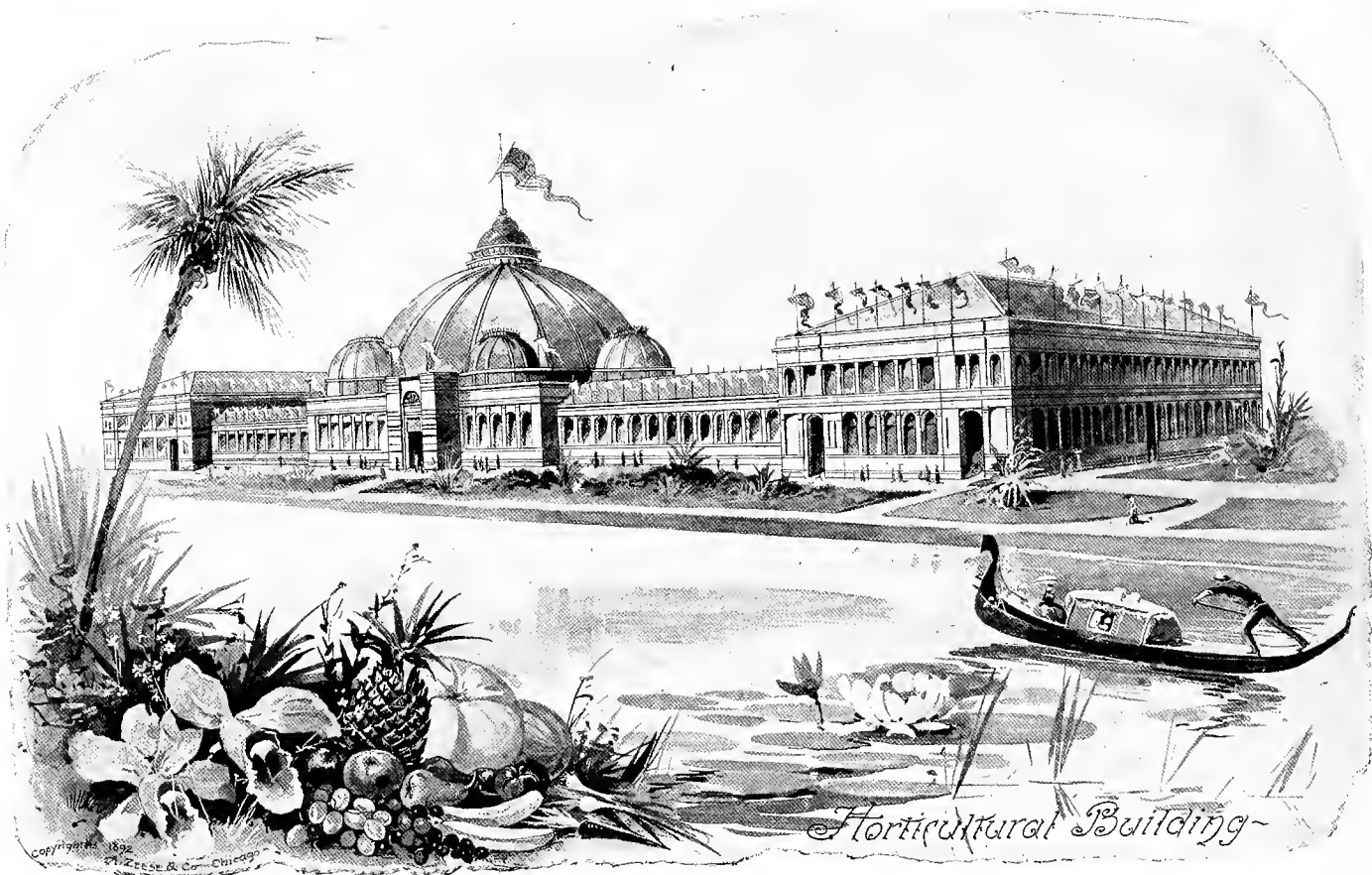
Going south three small buildings, all finished so fine,
 Children's Building, Puck's and also the White Star Line ;
 In that handsome building, Chris gazed like a dreamer
 On the models shown of the White Star Line steamer.



In Puck's building he saw a fine steam printing press,
 And most every known art showing printing progress;
 Here Christopher Columbus said I count it luck,
 In this beautiful building to interview Puck.

In the Children's Building where we stopped for a rest;
 "This reminds me," said Chris, "of the Home of the Blest;
 In the bright mansions above," he said, as he smiled,
 "The music I love most is the voice of a child."

While we tarried, he played with the girls and the boys,
 Playing all kinds of games with most all kinds of toys;
 Said Columbus to me, "In my home in the sky
 Like a child I shall live through the 'Sweet bye-and-bye.' "



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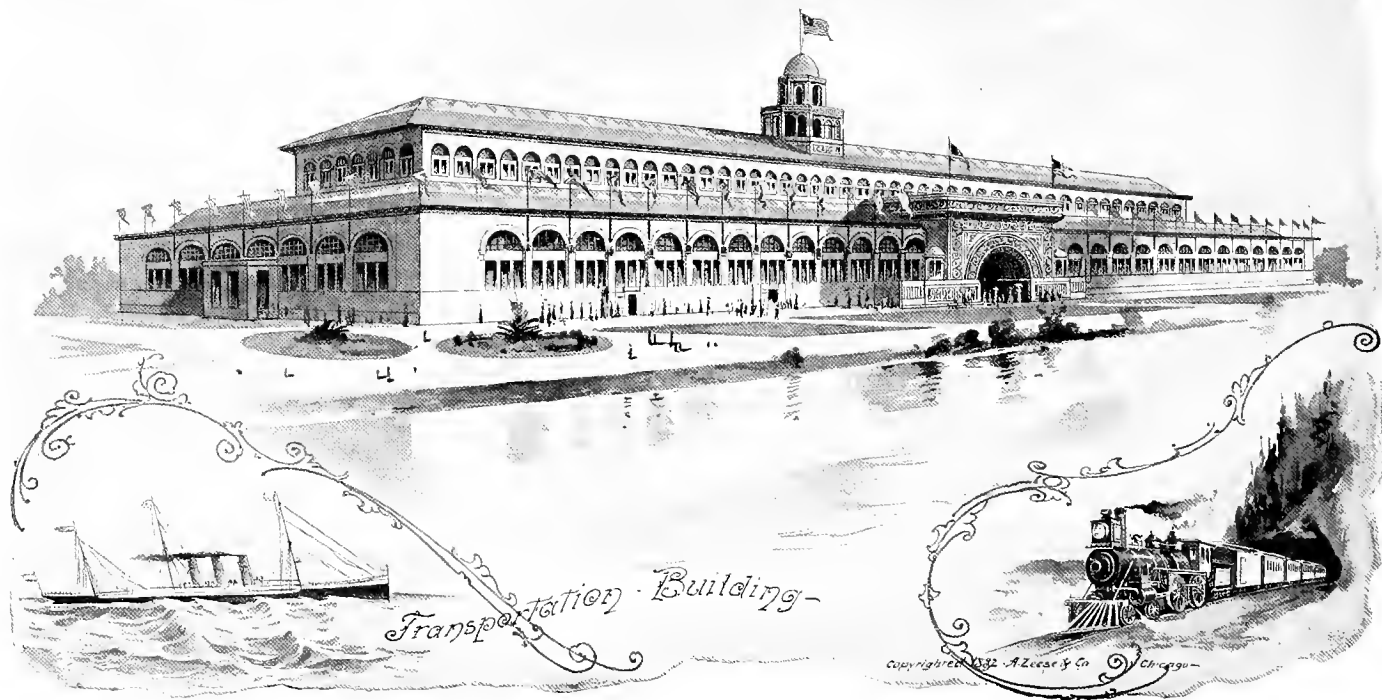
In the Horticultural we tarried for hours,
Viewing tropical plants and admiring sweet flowers;
Inhaling the fragrance which was filling the room
From the beautiful flowers with sweetest perfume.

We saw every known plant grown in forest or home,
Most beautiful palm trees reaching up to the dome;
A mountain of beauty, a beautiful fountain,
A crystallized cave buried under the mountain.



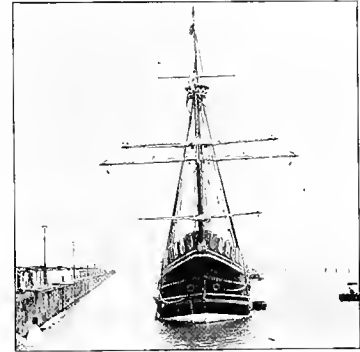
We saw all kinds of fruit that has ever been grown,
And all varieties of seeds that man has sown;
We saw every kind of tools which a garden needs
For preparing the ground or destroying the weeds.

In the grand fruit display there will be no dispute
But that America raises the finest fruit;
While sampling fine fruit at the California stand,
Said Columbus smiling: "*I discovered this land.*"



At the next building south where we made a short call,
We heard sweet melodies in the grand Choral Hall;
"This reminds me," said Chris, "of the land I admire,
Where thousands of voices always join in one choir."

Going south we admired the world's Transportation,
A display in that line shown by every nation;
Choice American displays everywhere we find,
Which proves that "our free country" is never behind.



"Oh, what vessel is this we are now standing by?"
Said Columbus to me with a tear in his eye.
"This must be a model of a ship tried and true
Which sailed on the ocean in fourteen-ninety-two."

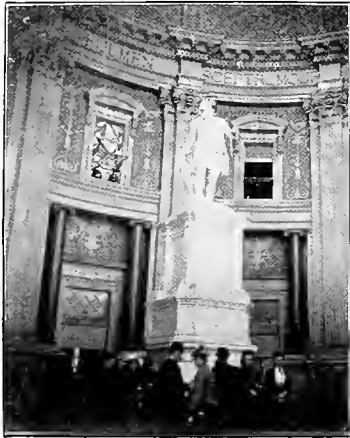
"It reminds me," said he, "of a bright day of yore,
When I landed on the isle of San Salvador;"
While we stood by Santa Maria his friend appears,
'Twas the hand of an angel removing his tears.



(Copyrighted 1892 - A. Zeese & Co. Chicago -)

But the White Star Line steamer proved quite a surprise
 To the man whom we honor for being so wise;
 Said Columbus, "I vow I believe in my soul,
 With a vessel like that I can find the North Pole."

Going east to a building called Mines and Mining,
 The ores of the world we saw brilliantly shining;
 There was gold and silver and most all kinds of stone,
 And all kinds of jewels worn by kings on their throne.

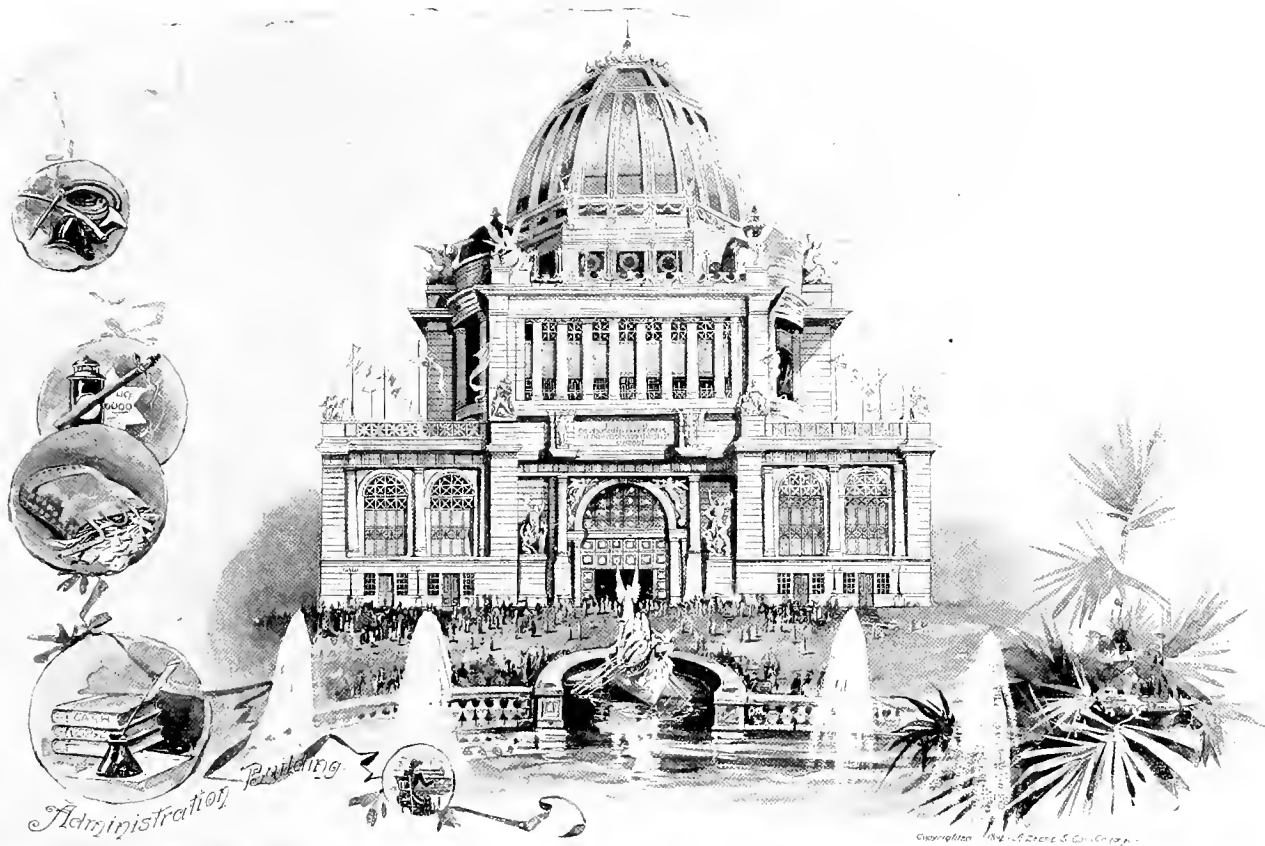


We saw hoisting machines and immense stamping mills
 Used for crushing the quartz taken out of the hills,
 And the greatest invention which man has yet planned,
 To wash the gold and silver when found in the sand.

The Electricity is the next building east,
 Where Christopher Columbus enjoyed a great feast;
 For words cannot express all the knowledge he gained
 In the wonderful building where lightning is chained.

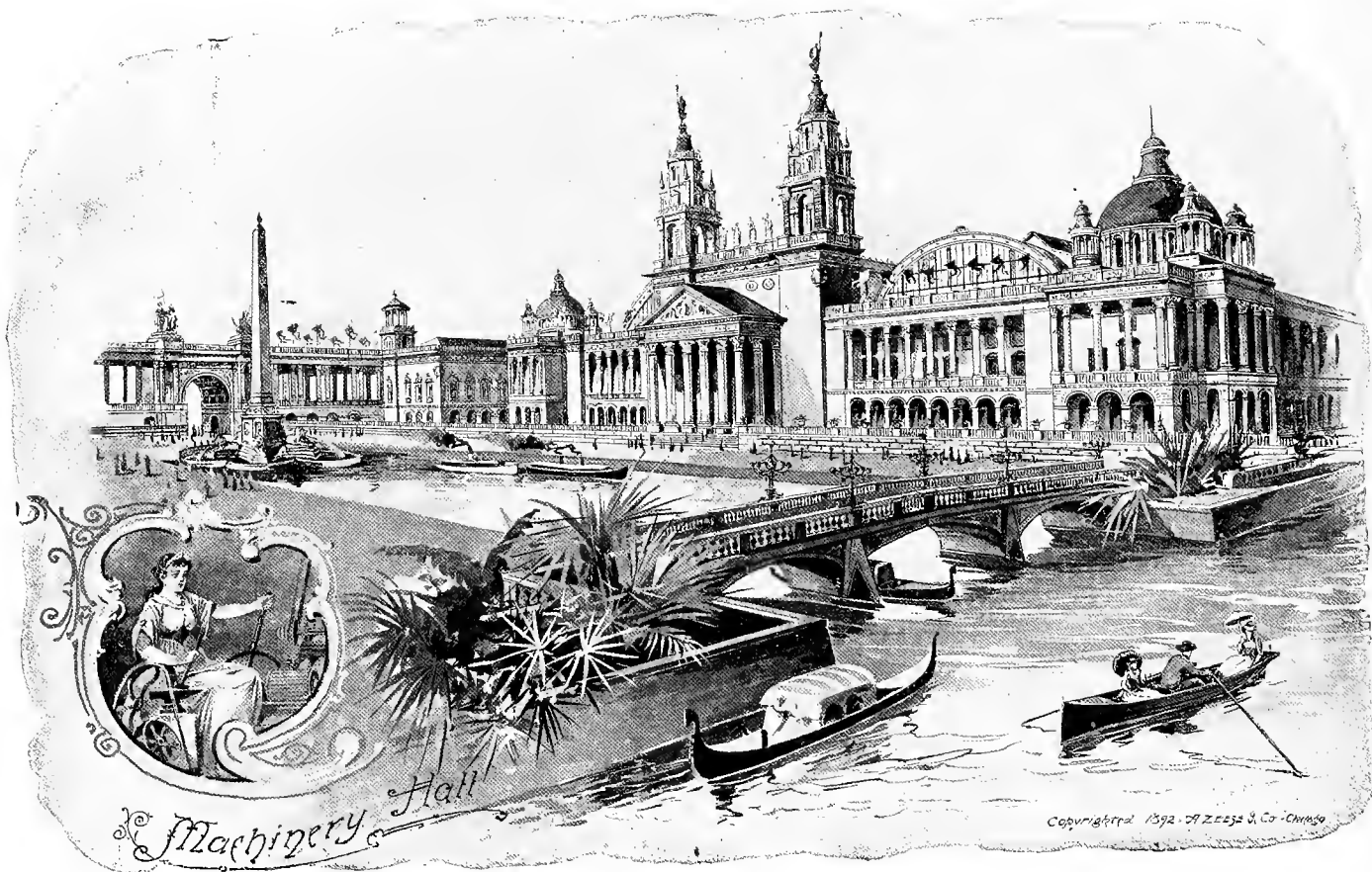


Said Chris, "I enjoy this electrical bower,"
As he watched with delight the Edison tower;
"Oh, guide," said Columbus, "this all seems like a dream,
And the picture to me like a vision did seem."



The Administration Building next we behold,
 With its beautiful dome always shining like gold;
 I introduced Columbus while tarrying there,
 To the great men who planned such a wonderful Fair.

Said Columbus to them, "I will make a request:
 Please remember the Sabbath, the day for sweet rest;
 Since you honor my name with this wonderful Fair,
 I hope in the end you will have money to spare."



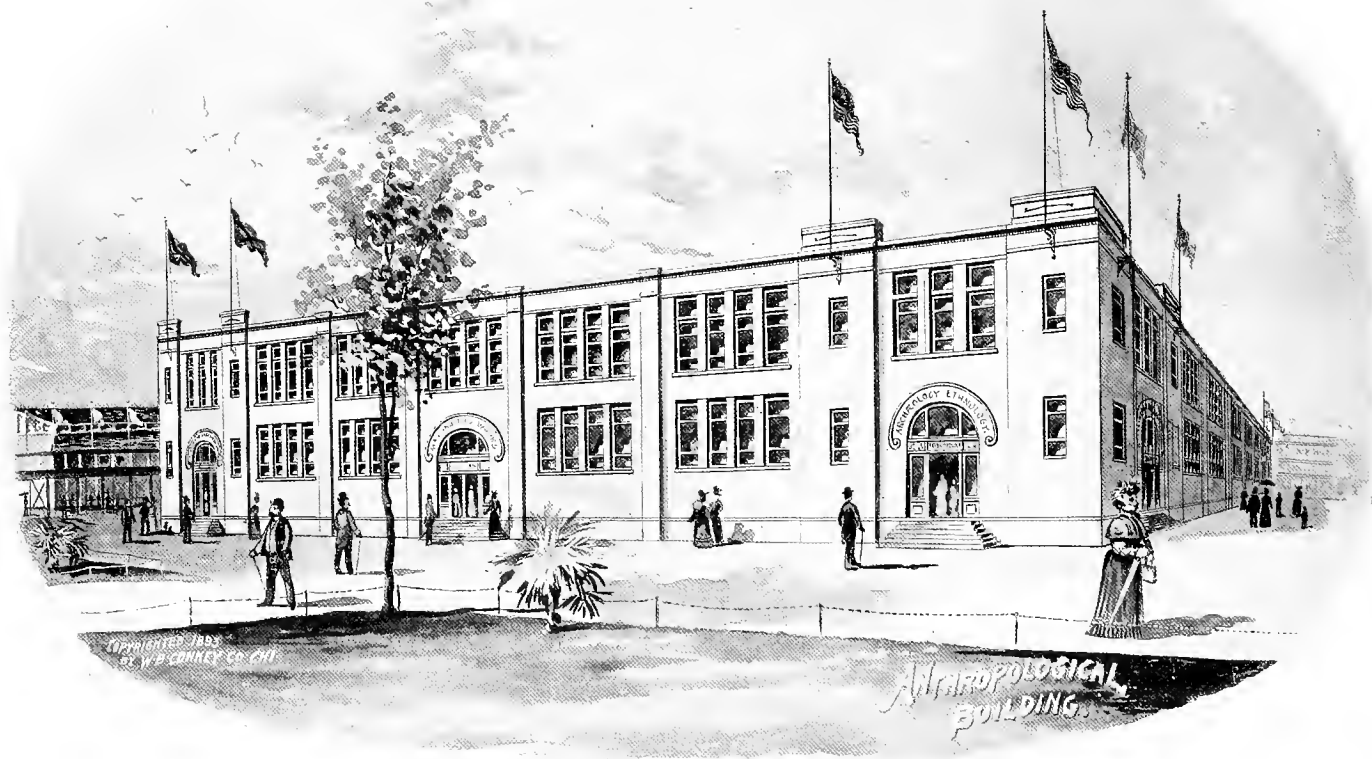
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Then turning south Machinery Hall is at hand,
The building covers near thirteen acres of land;
As we went along each aisle, it can't be denied
That the heart of Columbus was throbbing with pride.

For said he, "I believe that the farther we go,
The buildings are all grander, more perfect each show."
Then as we watched the boilers which furnished the steam,
And the engines in motion it seemed like a dream.

Going south Chris discovered a modern sawmill,
The oil well supply building and ice made at will,
And a fine logging camp; going east we begin
To see the Stock Pavilion and great White Horse Inn.

The French Bakery came next, then the Windmill display,
While the Cliff Dwellers' ruins stood right in our way;
As we gazed on mummies, said Columbus, "I fear
When I crossed the wide ocean these people were here."



Ethnology and Anthropology of man,
Next the pre-historic ruins of Yucatan;
Then the Dairy Building, the creamery, if you please,
Where we saw butter making and fine grades of cheese.

'Midst Forestry display I slowly rolled my chair,
While on the nation's timbers Columbus could stare;
"Oh, guide," cried out Columbus, "stop here, if you please,
And let me see those handsome California trees."

Said he, "Since I discovered this land, it appears
Timber has been growing at least four hundred years;
Some trees stood for ages though mighty winds have blown,
Many trees have fallen, while some have turned to stone."

"This reminds me," said Chris, "of men who lived and died;
Heroes live in memory, like trees petrified;
The greatest number of men, like trees when rotten,
They lived, and they died, and quickly were forgotten!"





In Hides and Leather Building, which leather men control,
We saw fine leather for uppers and for the sole;
Boots and shoes of many kinds made a grand display,
'Tis the finest at the Fair, so the people say.

Then from hides and leather our journey we did take,
To see Krupp's big gun on the border of the Lake;
We saw his large cannon. "But implements of war,"
Said Columbus, "are the things which I now abhor."



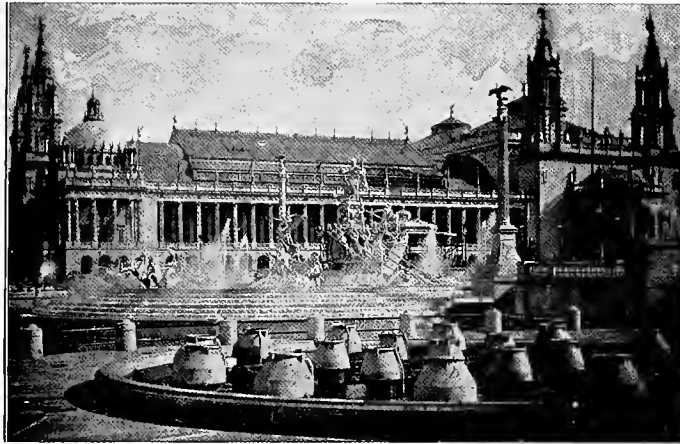
CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.



STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

In the La Rabida we stood beside a door,
Which Christopher Columbus often saw before;
In cases well guarded were relics of the past,
Which form part of history that will always last.

While doing this convent Columbus was surprised,
The anchor he had used, by him was recognized;
Seeing his picture, pointing at a photograph,
"Oh! Guide," said Chris smiling, "that picture makes me laugh."



The Statue of Republic and fountain MacMonnie,
And boats on the lagoons made a picture grand to see;
We saw Casino, Peristyle, stopped at Music Hall,
Said Christopher Columbus, "I came to see it all."



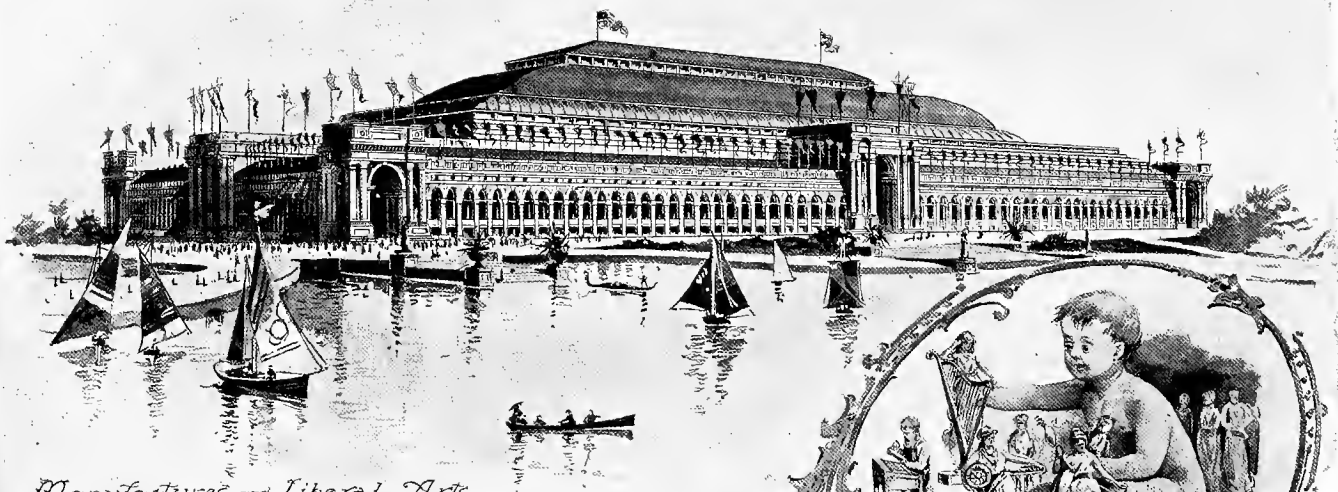
Agricultural Building

Copyrighted - 1892 - A. Zeese & Co. Chicago -

At the Agriculture we saw all the spaces,
Saw the handsome shows of all the human races;
We saw all grains for food, for mankind and for beast,
And all the time Chris said his wonder still increased.



We saw material for making goods to wear,
And samples of goods made from cotton, wool and hair;
We saw all the implements used to till the earth,
All kinds of farming tools made since our Nation's birth.



Manufactures and Liberal Arts

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The Manufactures display of foreign powers,
States and individuals, we viewed for hours;
Said I, "This is the best;" Columbus said, "You're right."
"The largest show," said I; said he, "It's out of sight."

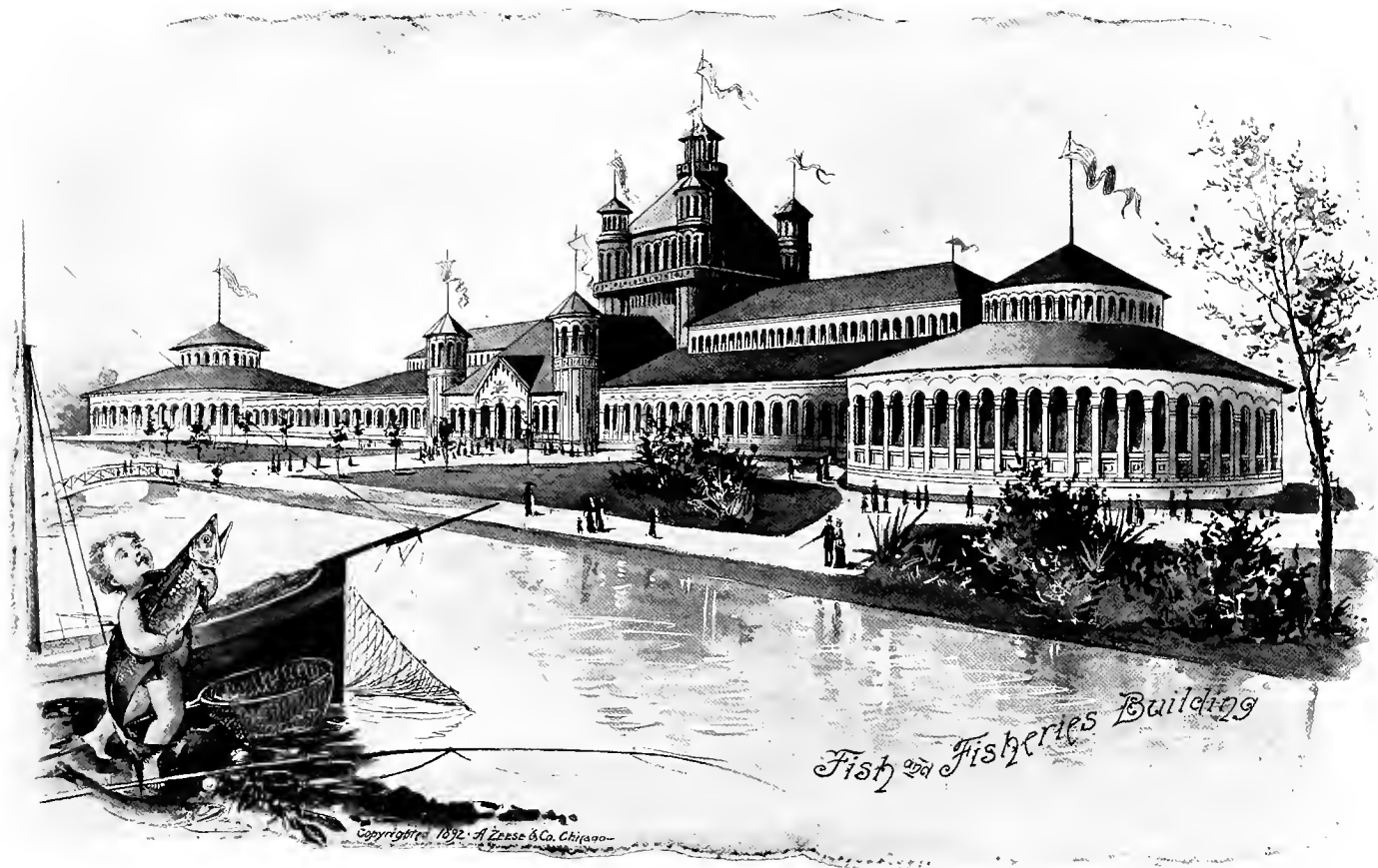
We stopped to see brick made by hydraulic power,
Stopping in their palace we rested an hour;
We saw statuary of men of great renown,
Like all other school boys, we have it written down.

We examined with pride the displays of education;
Said he, "On this depends the power of a nation;
I have noticed when a man is on the road to fame,
A finished education adds lustre to his name."

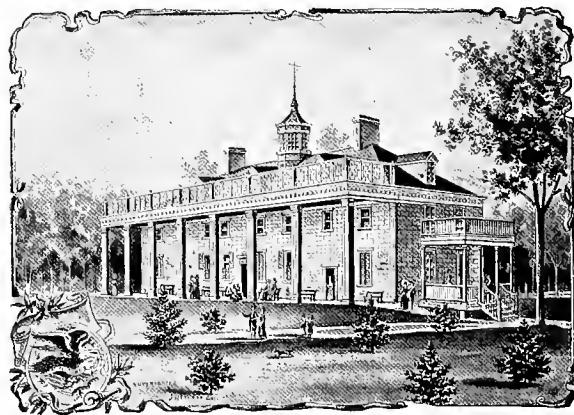
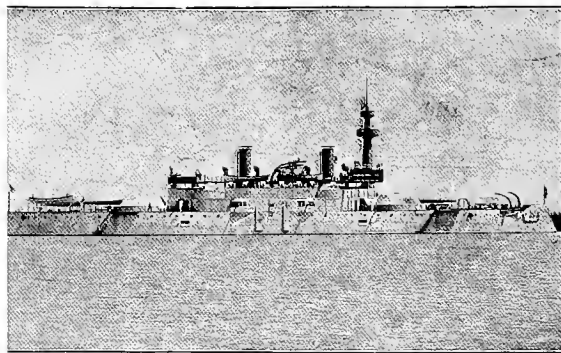
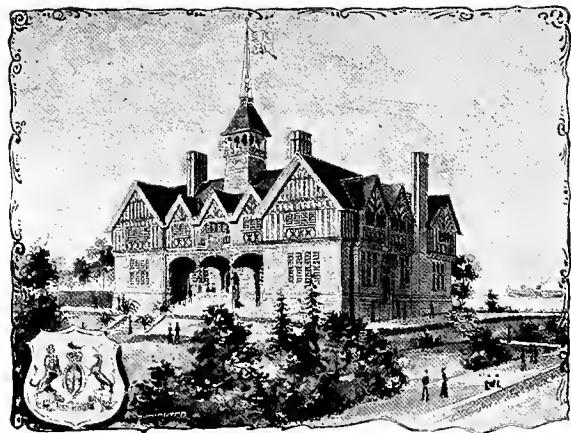
The main floor and gallery together make exact,
Inside of the enclosure a forty acre tract;
We ascended to the top and took a promenade,
And viewed the White City till the night began to fade.



Next our Nation's building we examined with care;
 Our Country's choice relics are on exhibit there;
 Said Columbus, "I think it is almost a crime
 To try to do this building in such little time"



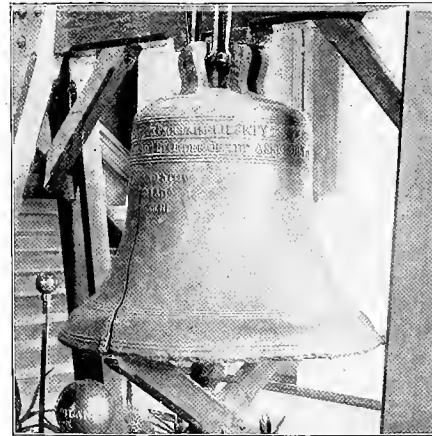
At the Fisheries Building Chris was much surprised
To find a perfect show, where nothing was disguised;
All kinds of fishes the aquarium reveals,
Also mounted, dried and stuffed were whales, sharks and seals.



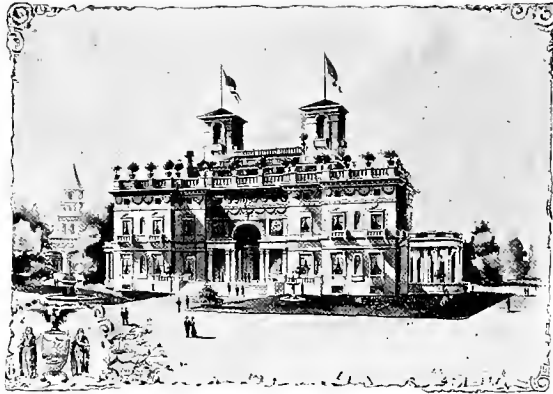
Next Victoria House and the war-ship were in sight;
Sailing on the lake the great whaleback to our right;
Turning north we see fine buildings, foreign and state,
Columbus could not see all, night was growing late.



There's one thing," said Columbus, "I would like to see,
The bell that rang for liberty which set you free."
In Pennsylvania's Building, now I love to tell,
I showed Columbus our dear old Liberty Bell.



Then we saw Mt. Vernon, as seen at the World's Fair,
The home of Washington, Virginia placed it there;
Speaking of our hero, I heard Columbus say:
"When he is in the skies he meets him every day."



In the New York building we tarried for awhile,
We lunched at their table, enjoying Eastern style;
Said Columbus, "The Empire State has done her share,
Her building is as grand as any at the Fair."

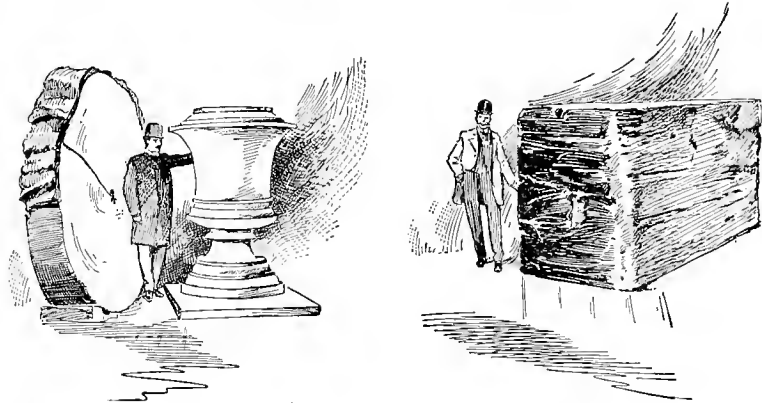
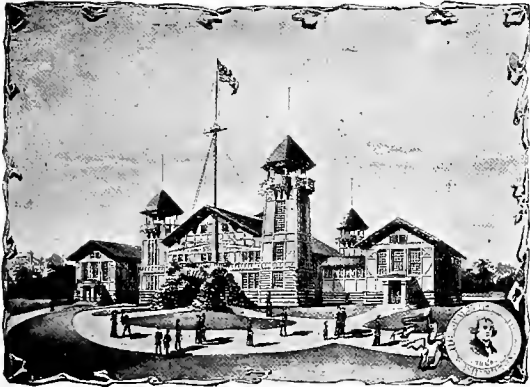
"In National Buildings I noticed their displays
Of the products of the State are deserving praise.
'Tis the greatest State of all," said Chris, "I believe,
And New York people always know how to receive."

Passing other buildings we journeyed on our way,
We stopped to visit Kansas to see their display,
And saw a model train shown by the Santa Fe;
When the train was moving, said Chris, "That puzzles me."

He stopped and gazed awhile on their animal show,
Of fine moose, deer, mountain sheep and the buffalo;
Their agricultural show is quite hard to beat.
"Kansas," said Chris, "is a land full of corn and wheat."



"Faithful guide," Columbus said, "I'll make this request:
I landed on the east, please take me to the west.
That I have seen the Golden Gate, I can't deny,
I have had a bird's-eye view peeping from the sky."



In Washington Building, Chris said the show is great;
Just see what is accomplished by our infant state.
Of the state's excellent display I heard him speak,
Said he, "The show is grand, their building is unique."

Among paper displays they have the largest roll,
And brought from the far west the largest lump of coal;
They raised on one acre one hundred sacks of wheat;
"A record," said Chris, "that no other state can beat."

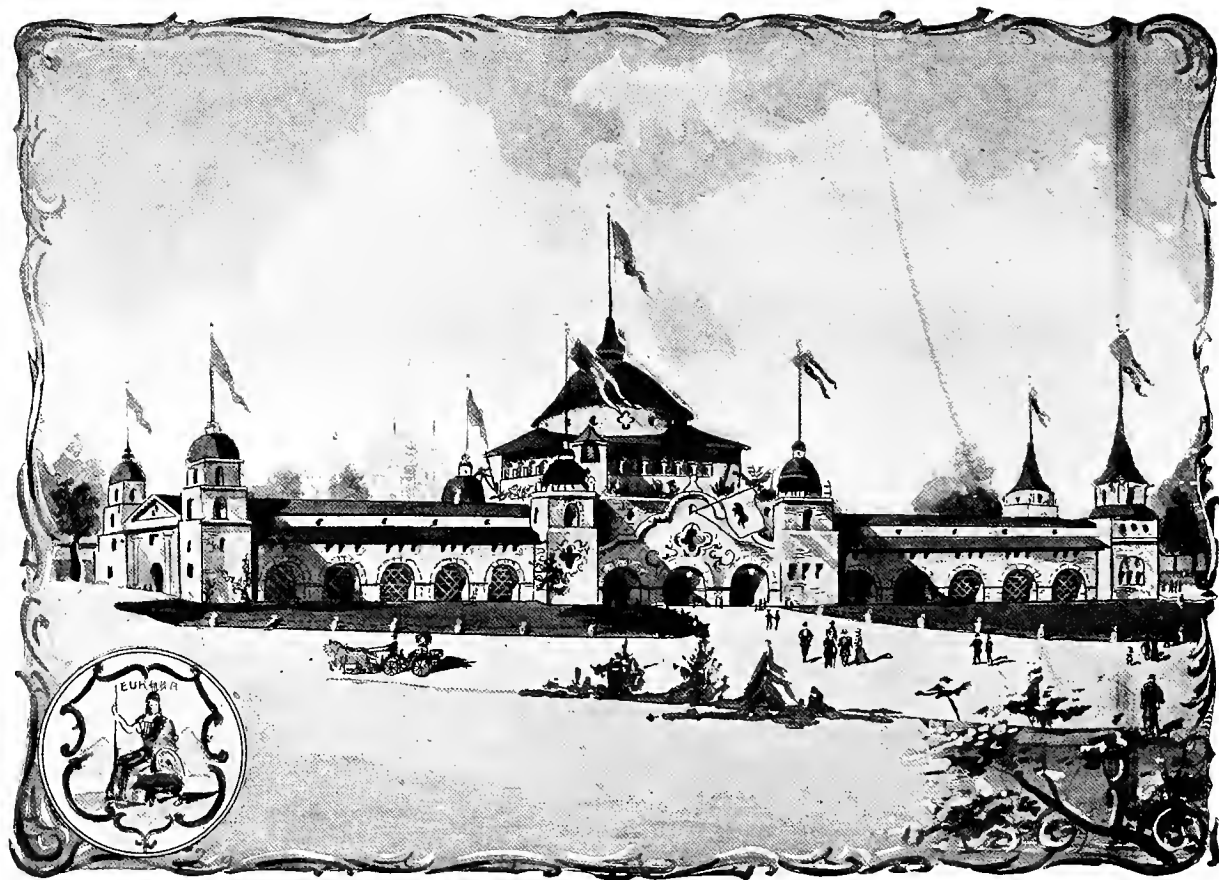


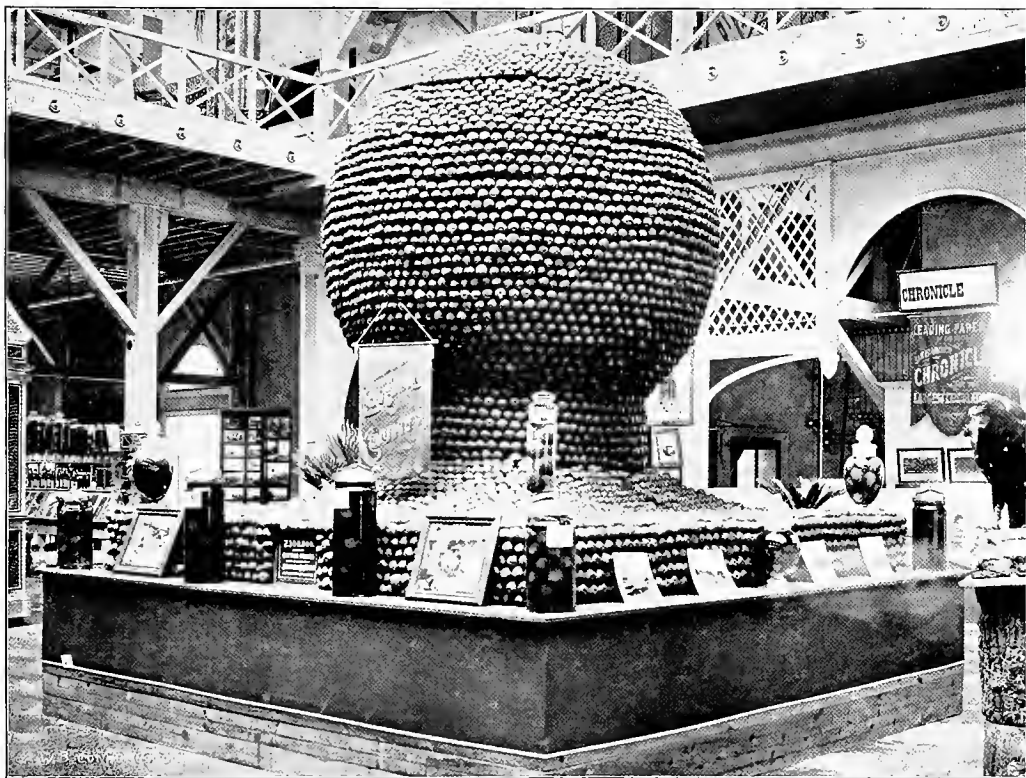
We saw Ohio, where my boyhood days were spent;
Saw their fine State Building and Soldiers' monument;
While looking at statues said Chris, "I recognize
Them as soldiers of the Lord; dwelling in the skies.





Then we saw the display shown in the Fine Art Hall;
Like all other visitors, we could not see all;
We viewed artists' work both of the living and dead;
"This is the finest show" is what Columbus said.





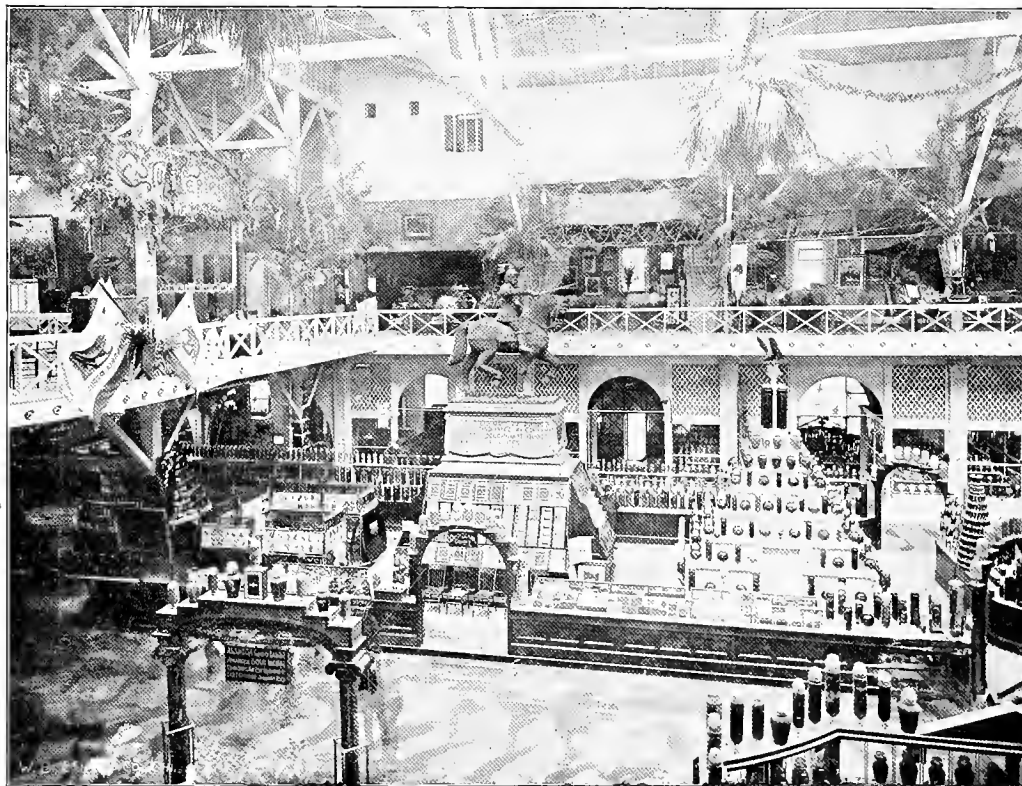
We went to California, at the Fair I mean,
And Chris pronounced their show the finest he had seen;
He viewed their exhibits, rich fruit he did behold;
"It is like my home, full of flowers, fruit and gold."



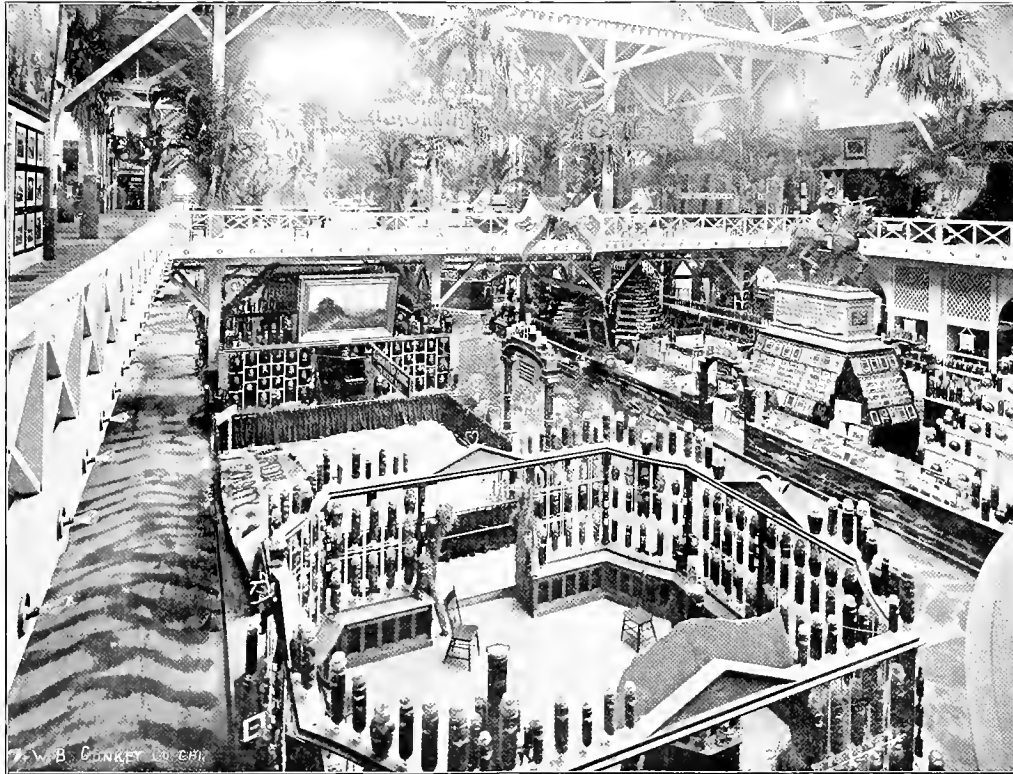
I heard about your country, your silver, your gold,
Like the Queen of Sheba said, "Half has not been told;"
I wish to see the mountains where your timber grows,
And the pleasant valleys where milk and honey flows.



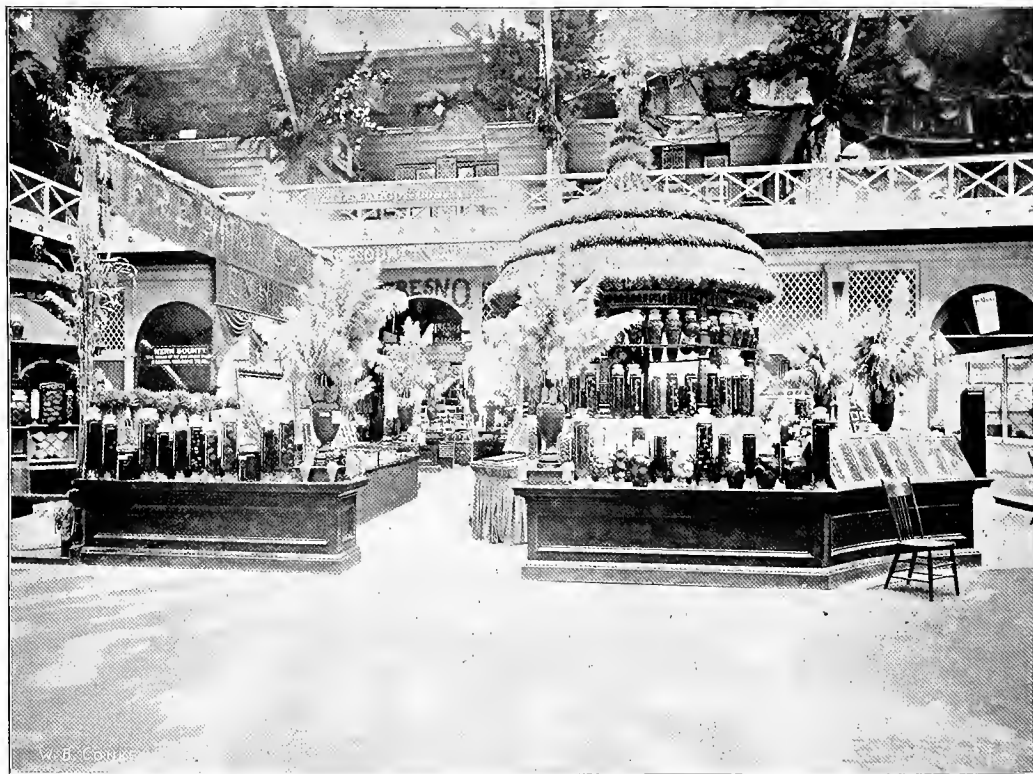
I'd go to San Francisco, see the ocean's tide,
Sacramento, Los Angeles and Riverside;
But there's a grander land where greater treasures lie,
Gates of pearl, golden streets, eternal in the sky.



Made from choicest prunes we saw a horse and rider,
And drank from silver cups purest orange cider;
"Oh, guide," said Columbus, "please take me in your chair,
'Cross the Rocky Mountains to see their Winter Fair."



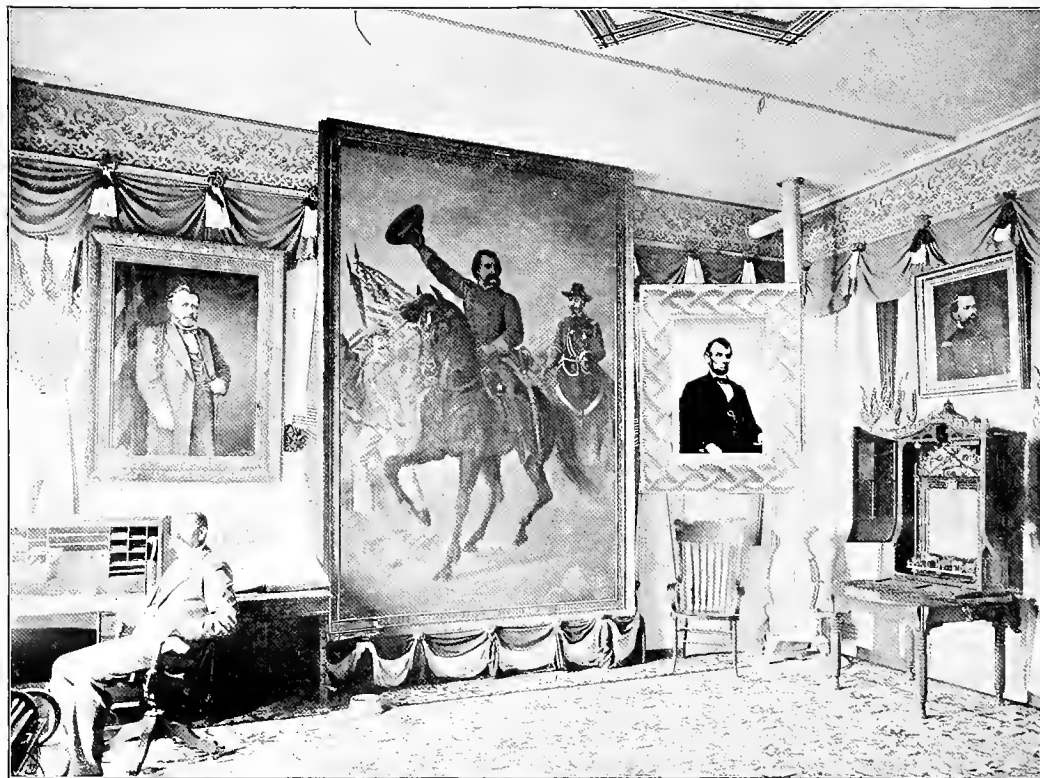
'They entertained Chris like an angel unawares,
And gave him fine flowers, grapes, oranges and pears;
Then said Columbus, "I'll take your fruit and flowers
Along with me to compare them there with ours."



" 'Tis not a stormy voyage of perils on sea;
There will be no shipwreck, safe will my journey be;
When I reach the fountain, the place I love so well,
To Queen Isabella the story I will tell "

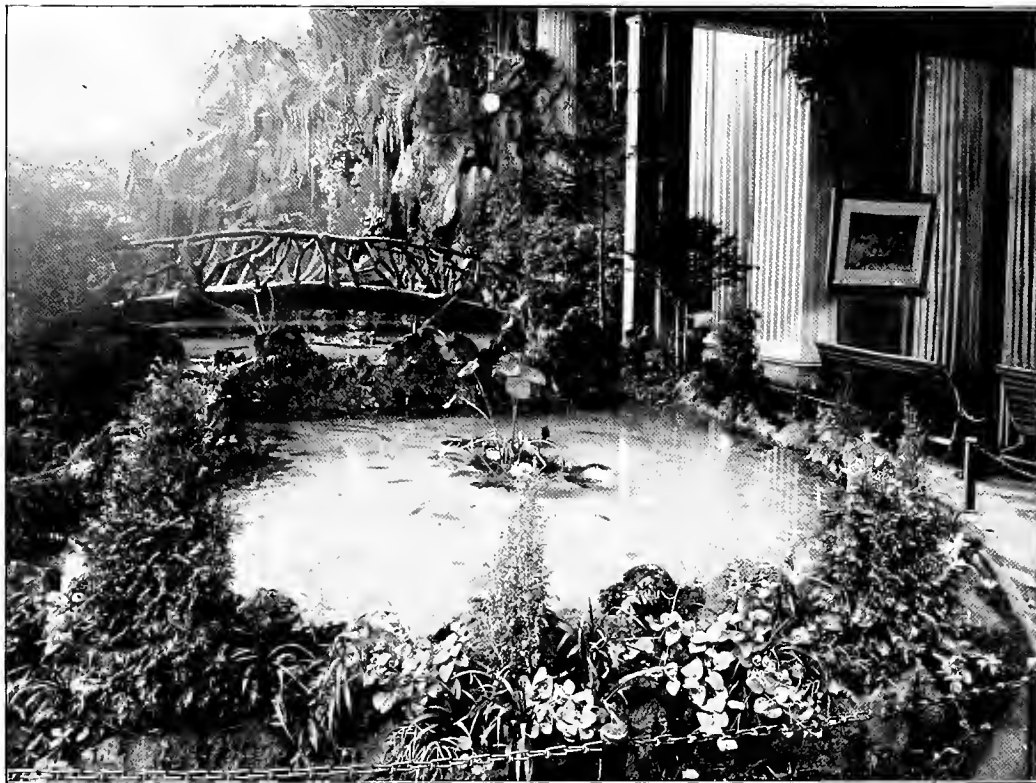


In the Illinois Building, 'mid sweetest perfume,
We rested in the Soldiers' Grand Reception Room,
Lincoln, Grant and Logan's pictures hang on the wall,
Heroes who long since answered Gabriel's trumpet call



"All our Nation's heroes now living in the skies,
I meet in bright green fields where pleasure never dies;
Where life is eternal, where flowers never fade;
I meet them," said Chris, "I belong to their brigade."

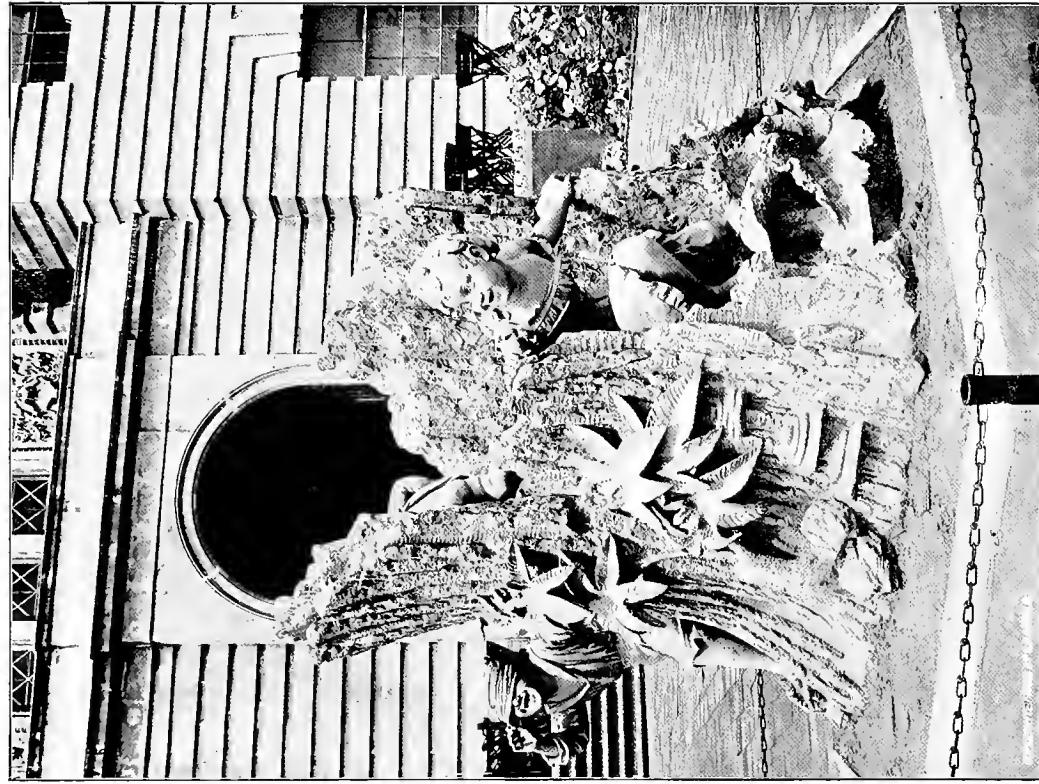
We viewed the battle flags, which are our greatest pride,
Because so many soldiers for them fought and died;
Said Chris, "I'll make a note, you guard the flags with care,
I'll hand it to those heroes I'll meet in the air."



To see their lovely show we went from space to space,
"The Grotto," said Columbus, "is a handsome place.
"It is education and charity combined,"
Said Chris, as we viewed the exhibit of the blind.



"See this handsome pyramid," Chris said with delight,
Then we saw the "Farm Scene" and finished up the night.
"Stop here," called Columbus, "I have not seen enough;
Just see those happy children playing 'Blind Man's Buff.'"



Beside a fine rustic a moment we did stand
To view a "Thing of Beauty," carved by artist hand.
"While in the Art Building," said Chris, "I did not see
Any statuary that seemed so grand to me."



Returning to the ship Columbus left my chair;
Needing no further guide, he vanished in the air;
Enjoying sweet slumber, I watched his homeward trip,
This poem, I fancy, he gave me for a "tip."

WHAT NOTED PEOPLE SAY OF THE FAIR.



"WHAT NOTED PEOPLE SAY OF THE FAIR."

I am called a World's Fair guide,
And stay at Jackson Park
Somewhere in the World's Fair
From morning until dark.

Like all other World's Fair guides
I'm on duty all day;
I see many people pass
And hear just what they say.

Our President Cleveland said:
"The Fair is truly nice;
The White City with its charms,
Seems like a paradise."

Mrs. Grover Cleveland said,
While visiting the show:
"The Fair is most beautiful
Where'er I chance to go."





Then I heard Ben Harrison
While speaking of the Fair,
Say that nothing he had seen
For beauty will compare.



Said the Princess Eulalie:
"The Fair is simply grand;
Such greatness was never seen
In any other land."

Next the Duke of Veragua
Expressed his great delight.
That the "grandeur at the Fair
Is never out of sight."



Once I heard a lady say:
"The Fair is a charmer;
This great show is elegant,"
Said Mrs. Potter Palmer.





President Higinbotham passed,
And said, "'Tis plain to see,
The greatest wonder is our Fair,
Of this Nineteenth Century."



"I have seen the world's great shows;
The Paris Fair I've seen,
But nothing compares with this,"
Said Lady Aberdeen.

Said Mrs. Gould, "The Fair seems
Like a journey down stream,
A picture in waters blue,
Seen in a poet's dream."



President Palmer then said,
"The world will surely find
That this Columbian show
Will benefit mankind."





Vice-President Stevenson
Said, "Truly I declare:
That every person who can
Should visit the World's Fair."



A gentleman from New York,
It was Depew, I thought,
Said, "The World's Fair is a school,
Where young and old are taught."

I heard McKinley speaking;
I heard the major claim:
"Men who planned the lovely Fair
Deserve the greatest fame."



While talking with Oglesby,
I heard the general say:
"That when the Fair is over
The buildings ought to stay."





"Write the history of Fairs,"
Said Mr. Lyman Gage,
"And you will find the World's Fair
Will make the brightest page."



Mrs. John A. Logan said:
"The show is truly rare;
A person sees the whole world
At the Columbian Fair."

Mayor Carter Harrison said,
"The World's Fair is a sign
To show just how Chicago,
In coming years will shine."



And Miss Frances Willard said,
"The grand Columbian show
Is like a mystic labyrinth,
Where every one should go."





Then I chanced to hear Fred Grant
Say to Robert Lincoln:
"The Fair is one grand success."
Bob said: "So I am thinking."



I heard James W. Riley say:
"The picture is sublime.
Truly, the great White City
Seems like a lovely rhyme."

"It reminds me of childhood;
I live those days over,
Everywhere in Jackson Park,
I wade in red clover."



"The Fair has taught one lesson,"
I heard Rev. Talmage say,
The masses of the people
Still love the Sabbath day."





"The World's Fair now is finished,
There's nothing more they lack;
The park is a lovely place,"
Said Rev. William Black.



Mr. Conkey said, "I know
The World's Fair cannot stay,
In memory it will last,
Shining brighter each day."

" 'Tis plain I am growing old,
The Lord may call me soon;
But I've seen earth's grandest show,"
Said Professor Calhoun.



While looking at the World's Fair,
The buildings and their domes,
"Oh, this is a lovely sight,"
Said Oliver W. Holmes





"All the grandeur of the Fair,
No mortal tongue can tell,
'Tis charming for every one,"
Said the White City Belle.



One day on Wooded Island,
Lew Wallace said to me:
"Everywhere in Jackson Park,
There's something grand to see."

I heard Will Carleton suggest,
Beneath the shining sun,
There's no other place on earth
Where Venice is outdone.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox said:
"If Eden were more fair,
I envy old mother Eve
When she was living there."





"The World's Fair has no equal,
Its like was never known;
'Tis a college for all men,"
Thus said Professor Krohn.



"The Fair seems like a dear friend,
From whom I cannot part;
On lovely Wooded Island,
Let me live," said Bret Harte.

"There's one dark spot at the Fair,"
Is what Chief Murphy said,
"Where we'll build a monument
In honor of our dead."

T. B. Aldrich said, "I vow,
This is a golden age,
The Fair is a theatre,
With nations on the stage."





Said Mr. Max Garrison,
"Though life is rather hard,
I think it is an honor
To be a World's Fair Guard."

Said Far-away Moses, "I think
This perfect earthly bower,
Though built by men upon the earth,
Comes from a higher power.'

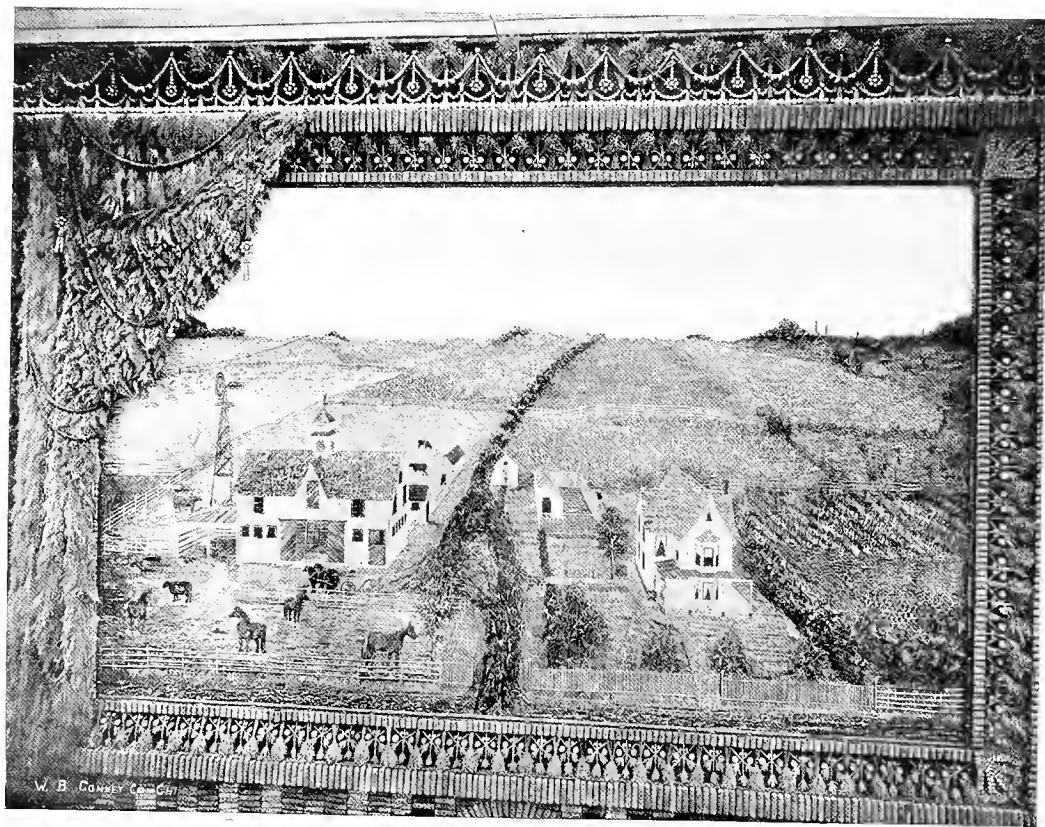
"While scouting on the western plains,
I follow a trail at will,
But I am lost at Jackson Park,"
Said daring Buffalo Bill.

I heard an Indian chief say
That he had surely found
The home of the Great Spirit
The Happy Hunting Ground.

Of course, I can't remember
Quite all I chanced to hear,
But the people say, the Fair
Should last another year.



THE FARM PICTURE.



THE FARM PICTURE.

In Illinois State Building there's a picture on the wall,
'Tis a thing of perfect beauty, which is admired by all;
And though not a fine oil painting, a picture of a farm,
It is made from grain and grasses and finished like a charm.

I stood and watched the artists at their labor day by day,
Till the picture was completed, the scaffold moved away;
Then I thought the Farm Scene picture as lovely to behold
As a piece of statuary, though made of solid gold.

And while looking at the picture, life seemed more like a dream
Than the journey I am taking, afloat down life's stream;
It reminds me of my childhood and dear old country home,
Where I wish I was returning, never again to roam.

As I watched that lovely picture my heart was filled with joy;
The memory of our old farm time never can destroy.
Then I felt so tired and weary, for I had journeyed far;
But my return was welcome, for the gate was left ajar.

The farm seemed just as charming as in the bright days of yore
I could see my dear mother standing in the open door;
Then I heard sweet melodies, 'twas the music of my choice,
It was like an angel singing, it was my mother's voice.

Like harvest in the years gone by I saw the golden grain,
The men returning from their toil, cows coming up the lane;
Like a boy who is returning from work to childish plays,
For the time I was living in those happy, happy days.

The air seemed soft and balmy, it was laden with perfume;
For in the lovely hedges the wild roses were in bloom;
The birds had ceased their singing and were nestled in the
trees,

I heard the sweetest music, 'twas the humming of the bees.

Ah, 'tis music of the past! Oh, how sweet the echoes ring!
While I'm kneeling on the mosses and drinking from the spring,
All the bright days of childhood in the picture I can see,
Which makes the Farm Scene picture seem so precious now to
me.

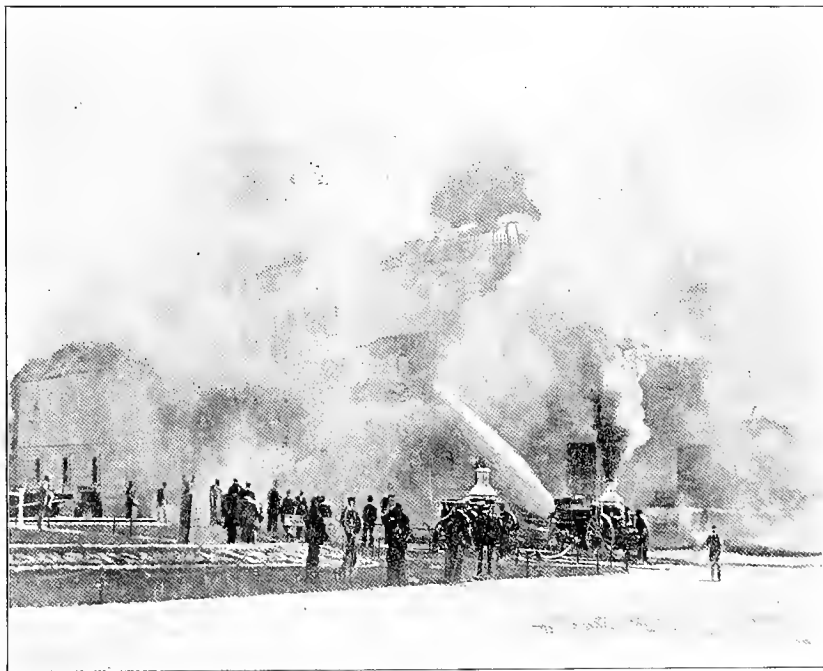
But the springtime of my life, like the years have passed away;
The blessed joys of childhood, they will all refuse to stay;
But while looking at the picture my heart was made to yearn
For the springtime of my life with its sweetness to return.

But I'm in a lifeboat and floating swiftly down the stream;
Looking backward, my life seems to me now just like a dream;
Though my boat is smoothly gliding, one thing I surely find,
All the joys and all life's sorrows are dwelling in my mind.

Though the world is full of pleasure, of which I claim a share,
I find that death and sorrow has been scattered everywhere;
And I have found by living in the world from year to year,
That earthly joys are fleeting, there's no lasting pleasure here.

Yet memories of childhood like a river seems to flow,
My lifeboat seems returning to the years of long ago;
'Till the happy days of childhood, the sweetest days of all,
I can see in this Farm picture which hangs upon the wall.

THE FIREMEN PROMOTED.



THE FIREMEN PROMOTED.



Day by day I saw the workmen
Toiling steadily at their task;
What's the name of that odd structure?
The passers-by would often ask.

When the building neared completion,
I have watched it hour by hour;
Saw the workmen climbing, clinging,
While working on the center tower.

I watched till the tower was finished,
I saw it standing straight and high;
Saw the smoke roll from the tower,
Making dark clouds in the sky.

While on duty oft at midnight
Saw the building and the tower;
Watched that monument of beauty,
Quite often looking hour by hour.

For the building seemed so friendly,
With walls and tower clean and white;
I never once thought of danger
Until a demon came in sight.

Standing at my post and watching
The Cold Storage room and spire,
I discovered slowly burning,
At the top some tongues of fire.

For a moment I was spellbound,
The bright flames acting like a charm;
Then I hastened to my duty,
Soon turning on the fire alarm.

Now the fire is burning fiercely,
Crowds of people are gathering here;
They came to see the firemen's battle,
Never dreaming that death was near.

Faithful firemen soon responded,
So young and daring, brave and stout;
Saw the fire now madly burning,
They risked their lives to put it out.

Raising ladders to the building,
Now see the firemen on the roof,
Every fireman brave and daring,
Just look, and you can see the proof!

On the ground the guards are busy,
Placing the ladders, ropes and hose;
That the fight will be successful,
Now all the firemen still suppose.

Many thousand men and women
Watching the fire now gaining fast;
Now they see the faithful firemen,
So high upon the tower at last.

See the firemen on the landing,
Above the roof one hundred feet;
See the fire breaks out beneath them,
Now cutting off their last retreat.

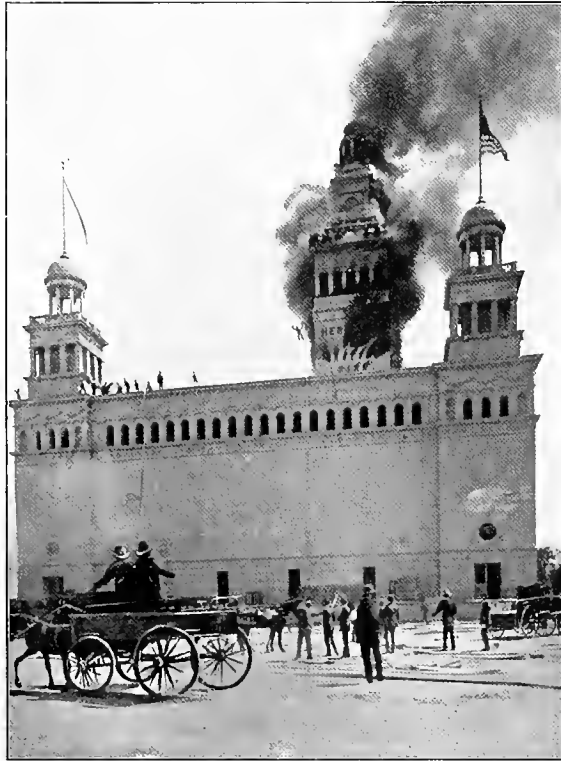
Like a thousand hungry demons,
Flames are now eating up the tower;
People watch with upturned faces,
Each moment seeming like an hour.

Now the firemen see their danger,
They plan their useful lives to save;
Facing death and almost hopeless,
Yet they all are so true and brave.

See the deadly flames advancing,
Every mortal breathing a prayer;
God have mercy, save, oh save them,
See they are falling through the air.

Men were never more heroic;
For when they heard their comrade's cry,
They risked life to save their brothers
They could not leave them there to die.

Now the tower is bending, falling,
Those brave men now from toil are free;
Faithful firemen off of duty,
They rest now in eternity.



Send a message to their loved ones,
Gently whispering so soft and low,
That the firemen are promoted
From all their labor here below.

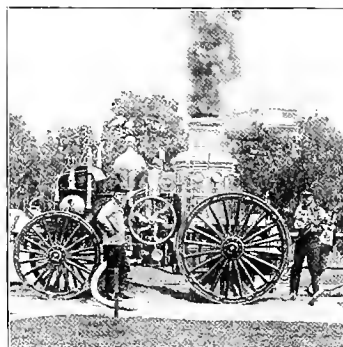
Heaven pity wives and mothers,
Tell them there was no power to save;
Like their fathers, husbands, brothers,
Tell them they all must be as brave.

Build a monumental tower,
Reared in honor of all the names
Of the brave and daring firemen
Who have thus perished in the flames.

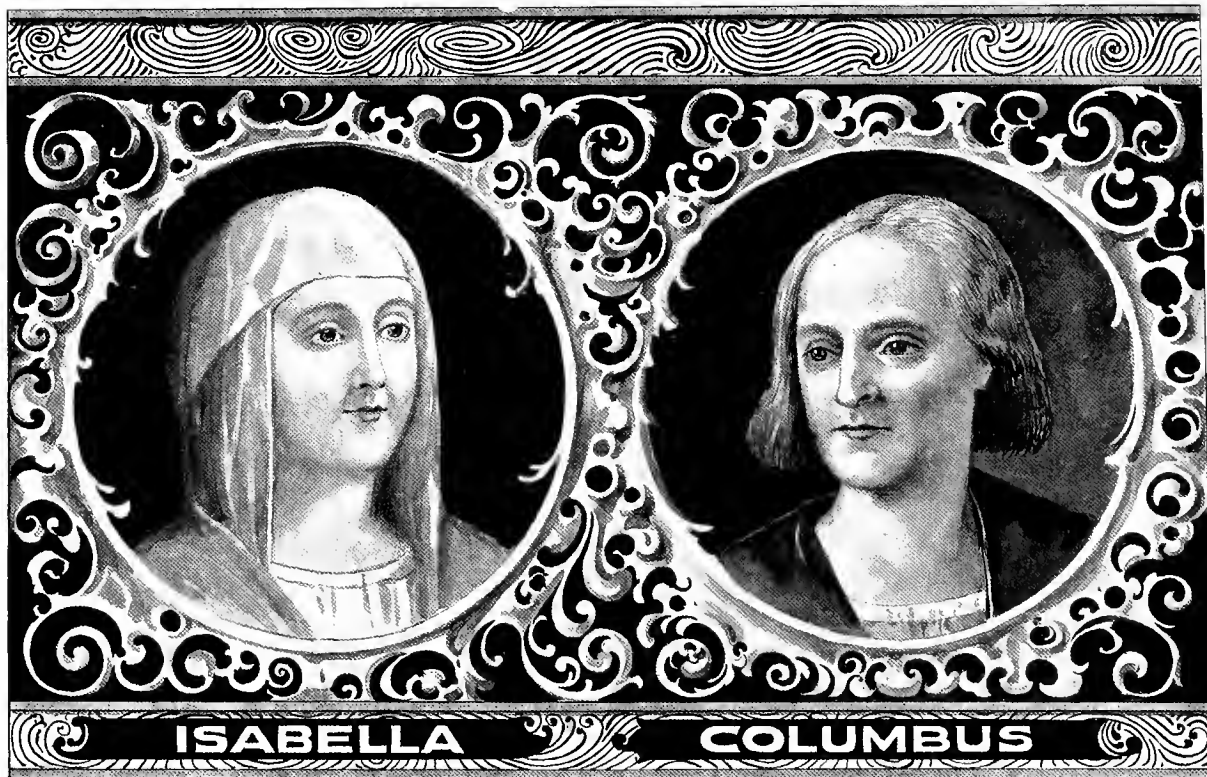
Build a temple for the living,
For all the firemen who survive;
Lives of all the sorrow stricken
We can make brighter if we strive.

The names of heroes, dead and living,
On our memories are enrolled;
Through the ages always shining,
Like a bright monument of gold.





THE WORLD'S FAIR IN A DAY.



THE WORLD'S FAIR IN A DAY.

Early last Monday morning,
At the opening of the Fair,
Three hundred thousand people
More or less had gathered there;
I paid my half a dollar,
Just to visit Jackson Park,
And viewed the Exposition
From the morning until dark.

I saw shows from all nations,
And people of every tongue;
From all quarters of the globe,
Rich and poor, both old and young;
Three hundred thousand people
Made a living, moving cloud,
But I could always "get there,"
For I elbowed through the crowd.

I had the greatest picnic,
As I journeyed here and there
To visit every building
At the great Columbian Fair.
I looked at all exhibits,
As I went from place to place,
I spent at least ten minutes
Doing every single space.

I saw many handsome girls
In many fancy bowers,
Of course, I stopped to see them,
And talked with them for hours;
Their voices, like sweet music,
Always ringing, in my ears;
Methinks yet I hear them say
"Please buy our Fair souvenirs."

Was in the Woman's Building
For a quarter of the day;
I learned to do fine knitting
And the latest in crochet;
I saw their fine inventions
And their perfect works of art,
While smiles on living faces
Caused a flutter in my heart.

In Horticultural Hall,
While at each plant and flower,
I gazed upon their beauty
For a quarter of an hour.
I saw the lovely blossoms
And inhaled the sweet perfume;
Then I watched the lovely buds
Till they all came out in bloom.

I then went from room to room
Just to view the fruit display,
Which without a single fault
Is just simply all O. K.
All the oranges in sight,
Then I counted one by one,
And felt a little hungry
When all of my work was done.

I went to a restaurant,
'Twas upon the second floor,
I ate a World's Fair dinner
For about an hour or more.
But when the meal was finished,
I received a bitter pill;
"Two dollars," said the waiter,
"Will now pay the little bill."

I crossed to Wooded Island
Where I saw the Japanese,
And staid until their language
I had learned to speak with ease.
Through roses on the island
Then I leisurely did go,
In the shadow of each tree
I'd rest for an hour or so.

Then I saw the world's great show
All kinds of transportation,
Shown by our own free country,
As well as foreign nations.
All kinds of locomotives,
As I fancied, there would be,
I saw all kinds of vessels
Which now play upon the sea.

In Mines and Mining Building
I saw many kinds of ore,
And thousands of inventions
I had never seen before.
Bright diamonds, gems and jewels,
Side by side in cases lay;
While I watched sparkling beauties,
Golden moments passed away.

In the Electric Building
I tarried for an hour,
Learning all there is to learn
About electric power.
I heard Thomas Edison
Speaking of his latest light,
Which is as bright as the sun
Making day out of the night.

At the Administration
I then tarried for a while,
Where crowds of people gathered,
Of most every rank and style.
Saw Cleveland press the button,
And I saw the banners fly
From flagstuffs in the park,
Floating up toward the sky.

Yes, all the flags of nations
In a moment I could see,
But our "Star Spangled Banner"
Was the grandest sight for me.
I heard the cannon booming,
Saw the World's Fair fountain play.
I heard the band's sweet music,
And the chimes across the way.

I then tarried many hours
At the great Machinery Hall,
For among other buildings
It just simply beats them all.
As I looked at the engines
I took no notice of time,
For their beauty in motion
Makes a picture most sublime.

I saw all the forestry,
Timber brought from every clime,
Mammoth California trees
And saplings cut in their prime;
As I went from place to place,
Admiring the timber show,
We own, thought I without a doubt,
Much the finest trees that grow.

In the Agriculture Hall
As I went from space to space;
I talked with exhibitors
Of most every human race.
Almost all states and nations
Have a beautiful display,
Of which *you* but get a glimpse
By viewing the Fair one day.

In Manufactures Building
I then strolled through every aisle
To view manufactured goods
Almost every make and style.
I remembered all I saw,
As from place to place I'd go;
I simply asked *no* questions,
For I "knew it all," you know.

Next I viewed our Nation's show,
Just how long I cannot say;
I felt when I was leaving
Like I'd feasted one whole day.
Saw pictures of our heroes,
Men who lived without a peer;
I saw our nation's relics,
The things which we hold so dear.

At the Fishery I saw
Every fish that wears a scale,
All kinds of fishy creatures,
From a minnow to a whale;
And all kinds of fishing boats,
Seines, dip nets and fishing hooks,
Which have been used for ages
In the rivers, lakes and brooks.

I saw the Fine Art Building
And the fine display of art,
In which all states and nations
Alike claim a handsome part.
Should you hurry through the art,
What you recollect will seem
Not like a thing that's real,
But a very lovely dream.

I saw our Nation's relics
The things we all love so well,
The Home we call Mt. Vernon,
Our dear old Liberty Bell.

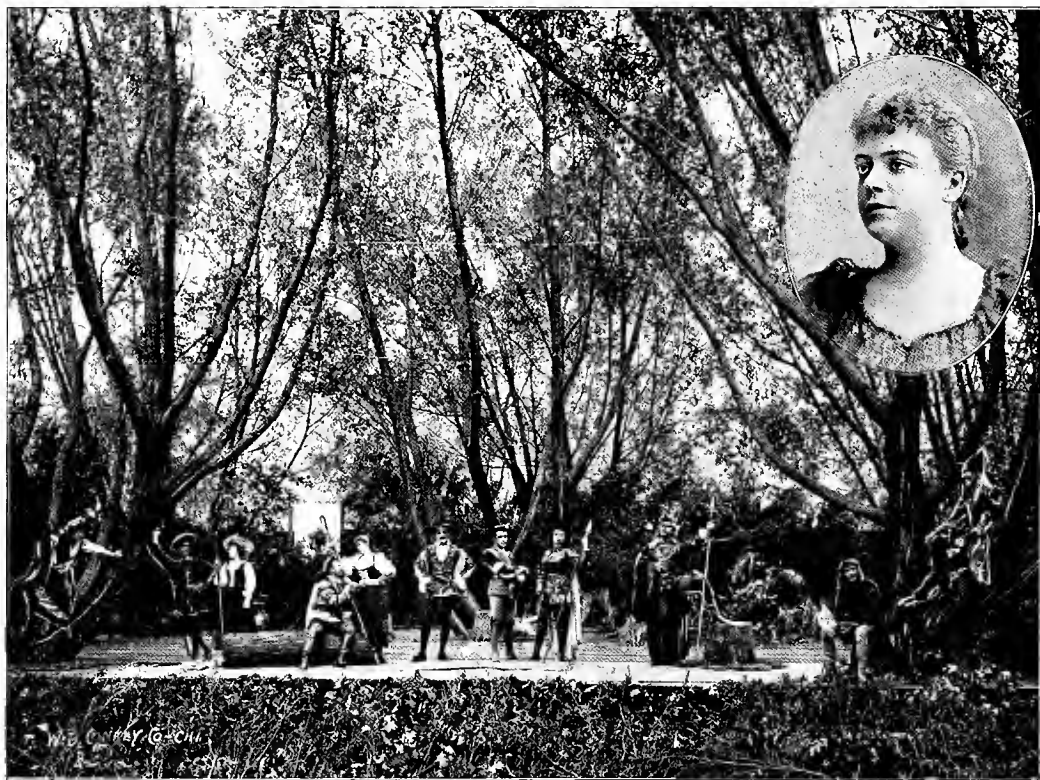
I felt myself a hero
As I stood there by its side,
My heart was fairly throbbing
With true patriotic pride.

I strolled up Midway Plaisance
And tried the big Ferris swing,
Which goes so near to heaven
I could hear the angels sing.
I patronized the side shows,
For I had *much* time to kill,
I saw the Chinese and Turks,
And called on Buffalo Bill.

I saw curiosities
Of most every style and sort;
Of course, I cannot tell all,
For life would be much too short.
I saw electric fountains,
And the man up in the moon,
As I rode the gondola
Out upon the clear lagoon.

But when the bells were ringing,
And the gates had all been closed,
That people could believe this
It can hardly be supposed;
For counting up the distance,
My face was aglow with smiles,
To see the Fair in one day
Sure I walked one thousand miles.

“AS YOU LIKE IT,” AS I SAW IT.



“AS YOU LIKE IT. AS I SAW IT.”

The shadows of evening so gracefully fell
Like mantles of beauty o'er fair Sylvan Dell,
To the time of notes of the sweet chiming bell;
 There was music, too, by a silvery band,
 It was charming to dwell in that fairyland.

The evening was beautiful, so calm and fair,
And people of fashion were gathering there;
The trill of the nightingale floats on the air,
 All the stars in the heavens shone clear and bright;
 No artist could paint such a beautiful sight.

Then melodies sweet like the voice of a bird,
A melodious song in the woods I heard,
And the distant hills sweetly echoed each word;
 But no birds of the forest were singing the songs,
 To Amiens of Sylvan Dell echoes belongs.

Then the time for the play arriving at last,
“As You Like It” I saw by a perfect cast;
I seemed to be living in the mystic past,
 Lords, Foresters, many appeared on the stage,
 And the shepherd, too, who was bowing with age

I enjoyed the play as the cast would appear,
Representing so grandly a hope or fear,
Till in fancy I saw immortal Shakespeare;
 Like a vision it seemed of time which had passed,
 The world would be bright if such pleasure could last.

Oh, how gladly I'd paint the scenes if I could,
The hedges, flowers and the beautiful wood,
Where Rosalind, Cella and Orlando stood;
 But no artist can paint and no tongue can tell
 The grandeur I saw in the sweet Sylvan Dell.

In the shadows of willows I sat for hours,
Enjoying Sylvan Dell's beautiful bowers;
I was charmed with the players magic powers;
 Like the voice of a bird or coo of a dove,
 From the stage I could hear sweet whispers of love.

The moon and the stars and the brilliant search light,
Combined in their splendor dispelling the night;
The picture I saw filled my heart with delight;
 Till I fancied that time to me would restore
 The things I loved most of the "sweet days of yore."

A picture of beauty my eyes did behold,
When the pages of history shall unfold,
All the story of Sylvan Dell may be told;
 Till Gabriel calls me across the dark stream,
 " As You Like It " to me, will seem like a dream.

THE COLUMBIAN GUARD.



THE COLUMBIAN GUARD.

If mortal is living on top of the earth,
Who has lived to regret the day of his birth,
Feeling lost, forsaken and wishes to die,
If there is such a man, that mortal is I.

Oh, once I was happy, so jolly and gay,
Sleeping soundly at night though working all day,
For then I could ramble with never a fear,
That captain or sergeant might chance to be near.

I'm the person reporters were hitting hard;
A villain, a slave, a "Columbian Guard;"
'Though I meet honest people while on my beat,
Daily reporters I am dreading to meet.

For some representatives have such a tact
To make a false statement seem just like a fact;
"The Columbian Guards," the reporters say,
"Are the standard 'greenhorns' now living to-day."

'Though I faithfully work from morning till night,
Some of the reporters are always in sight;
If I speak to a friend they always intrude,
'Though always polite, they will say I am rude.

My sister sells diamonds quite near to my post,
If I stop and talk I am in for a "roast;"
A reporter near who is jealous, I guess,
Will write up a column and send to the press.

Then an order is made in less than a week,
"That the Guards to fair ladies never may speak;
Never speak to a friend," such treatment is hard.
There's no one who envies the life of a Guard.

The rule I abhor and which troubles me so,
I must answer questions wherever I go;
With my arms by my side and body erect,
The question of "cranks" I am forced to respect.

One day I was strolling about through the Fair,
And met a young dude who had been on a "tear;"
I was kind to him and received for my pains
The title of a "gourd-head without any brains."

I was asked by a lady I chanced to meet,
If World's Fair gondolas were something to eat;
"In what buildings, sir, can I see the lagoons,
And are they species of Arkansas raccoons?"

Each question in order I tried to explain,
But she said to me, "You are simply insane."
"Oh, kind lady," said I, "you treat me unkind,
The questions you asked have unsettled my mind."

I started up Midway to take in the shows,
'Though released from duty I wore the Guard clothes;
A handsome young lady who traveled alone,
Said, "Guard, will you show me the great Blarney stone?"

To the Blarney castle then quickly we went,
On seeing the Blarney stone she was intent;
On top of the castle I said to the miss:
"There, there is the Blarney stone; now for the kiss."

"You're a mean villain, sir, I plainly can see;
A Columbian Guard shall never kiss me."
"Excuse me, madam, I thought you would have known,
I did not mean you but meant the Blarney stone."

As I strolled up Midway I met a new deal;
A lady was watching the great Ferris wheel;
She said: "Mr. Bluecoat, I'm needing a guide,
If you'll try the big wheel, I'll pay for the ride."

When we reached the car like a happy surprise,
The wheel began lifting us up to the skies;
While I looked at the world with all of its charms,
The lady fainted and fell into my arms.

If I make a mistake I'm never excused,
'Though I try to be kind am always abused;
They may call me a guard, a villain, a slave,
But I'll smile when they lay me down in my grave.

The lady's husband, standing down in the crowd,
Kept shouting: "Such conduct should not be allowed!"
And when the wheel stopped and we stepped on the ground,
That man and a pounded skull quickly I found.

That night as I lay in my hard springless bed
And thought of the morrow, I wished I were dead;
When I am sleeping I am never at ease,
For Guards make a picnic for troublesome fleas.

As I stood at my post the Fourth of July,
There was a slick gentleman standing near by;
He asked me a question, then quickly he said:
"Excuse me, Guard, for I now see you are dead."

Then he said to his friend, who stood by his side:
"Ah, just look at this Guard, the greenhorn has died;"
'Though dead, I at least can have one thing to boast,
I can prove by that man I died at my post.



RETURNING FROM THE FAIR.



RETURNING FROM THE FAIR.

When your visit is complete
At the great Columbian show,
And you're waiting for the train,
Standing up at the depot,
All the seats were occupied,
Long before you made your call,
So, of course, you'll have to stand
And just rest against the wall.

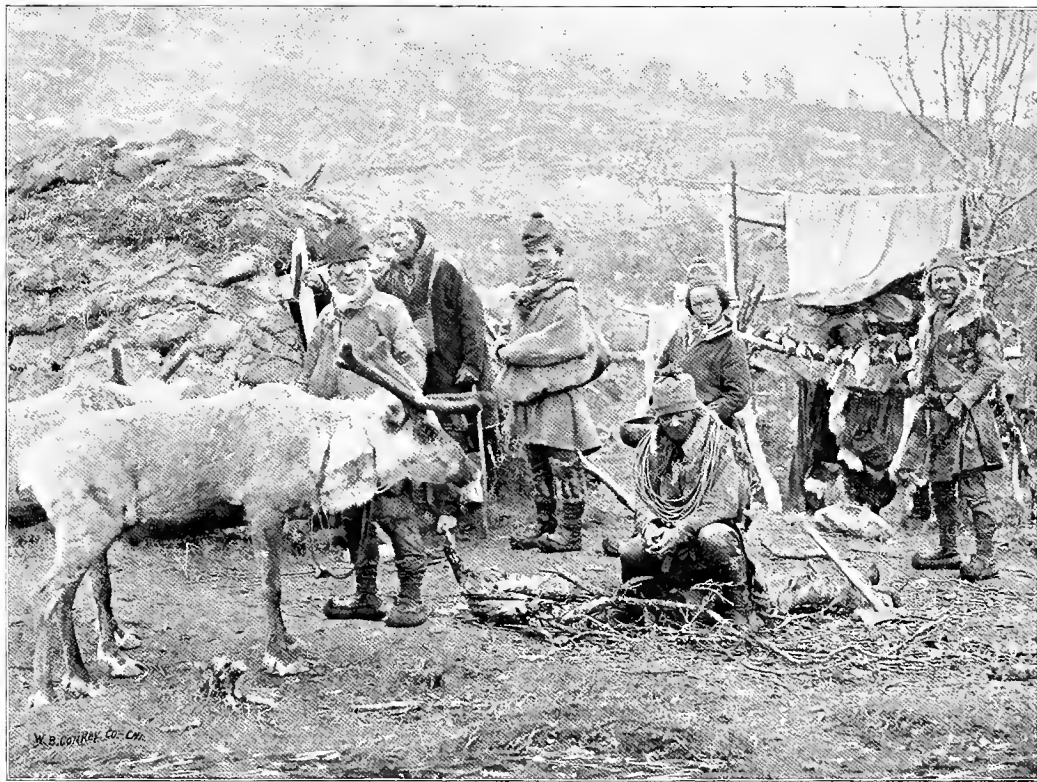
And when the train is called out,
There'll be crowding through the gate;
A person will get no seat
Who should happen to be late.
And if when you reach the car
The seats have all been taken,
For a moment all your faith
In mankind will be shaken.

While your neighbor has a seat
In a handsome cushioned chair,
You must swing about in space,
Looking like you do not care.
You stand in one position
Till your head will throb with pain,
Hoping when you reach next stop
That some one will leave the train.

While passengers are snoring
And dreaming about Midway,
Feeling like one forsaken,
You must while the hours away.
And if in your distresses
You should lean against a chair,
Disturbing some poor sinner,
You must listen to him swear.

If you should sleep while standing,
You're very sure to feel
Like you are in the Midway,
Falling from the Ferris wheel.
You go to Blarney castle,
And if all the facts were known,
Like you did while at the Fair,
You will kiss the Blarney stone.

You will go to Hagenbeck's,
Then you'll see the Japanese,
And take a trip to Venice
And the Islands of south seas.
You'll see the sights in Java,
Then through Egypt you will fly,
And take a trip to Persia,
You will see old Pompeii.



You ride on the ice railway
And see the Moorish bower;
Then attend St. Peter's church,
And climb the Eiffel tower.
You feast in old Vienna
And see the Algerians dance;
You visit the East Indies,
At their bazar you will glance.

You see Dahomey village,
And likewise their warlike band;
You feel a little chilly
For your stopping in Lapland.
You see the German village,
You then sail across the seas,
And journey around the world,
Just to visit the Chinese.

Behold Bulgarian relics
And the Hungarian cafe!
You see Johore, the wild man,
Yet imagine you are safe.
You will see the Ostrich Farm,
And then you'll cross the Alps;
You see savage Indians,
Who are busy taking scalps.

If scalping does not wake you,
Then to Switzerland you go;
Take in the Libby glass works,
And of course the beauty show.
You see the streets of Cairo
And the village of the Turk,
The Arabs of the desert,
Till you wake up with a jerk.

But the World's Fair you have seen,
And I think you should not care,
If tortured by the Arabs,
Or if falling through the air.
As you listen to music
And inhale the snorer's breath,
You have one consolation,
There is judgment after death.

While the swift Columbian train
Will be flying o'er the track,
You count a score of people
Who have bristles on their back.
Imagine you are happy
And removed from every care,
For bless me it is pleasant
While returning from the Fair.



THE CENTURY PLANT.



“THE CENTURY PLANT.”

One day in the great White City,
In Horticultural Bower,
I was charmed and I was spellbound,
As I gazed on a lovely flower.

They told me the Century plant
Had bloomed a hundred years ago,
That no one who saw the blossom
Now lives on the earth here below.

I thought when that plant was blooming,
In our own Nation's youth and pride;
And I thought how many millions
Since that time have lived and died.

I thought of our Nation's heroes,
Of Washington, Lincoln and Grant;
I thought of Garfield and Logan
As I viewed that Century plant.

I thought of the countless numbers
Who bravely died for liberty;
How few are the men now living
Who have lived for a century.

And my heart grew faint and weary,
As I saw that flower in bloom;
The living, ere it blooms again,
Will all be sleeping in the tomb.

I thought of the many millions
Who will pass this lovely bower,
And stand where I am now standing,
Admire the Century flower.

And all the World's Fair visitors,
This Century flower shall see,
Before the plant shall bloom again
They must dwell in eternity.

I thought, oh, how many battles
Men are fighting so hard with sin;
And I thought in life's great warfare,
There is only a few can win.

When I turned to leave the flower,
My eyes quickly filled with tears;
I thought of countless funerals
That will be in one hundred years.

Then I thought, though man is mortal
There is still a higher power,
A land where passing centuries
Will seem like one grand sweet hour.

There's a place of lasting splendor
And which in time will not decay;
'Tis unlike this world's White City,
Which will so quickly pass away.

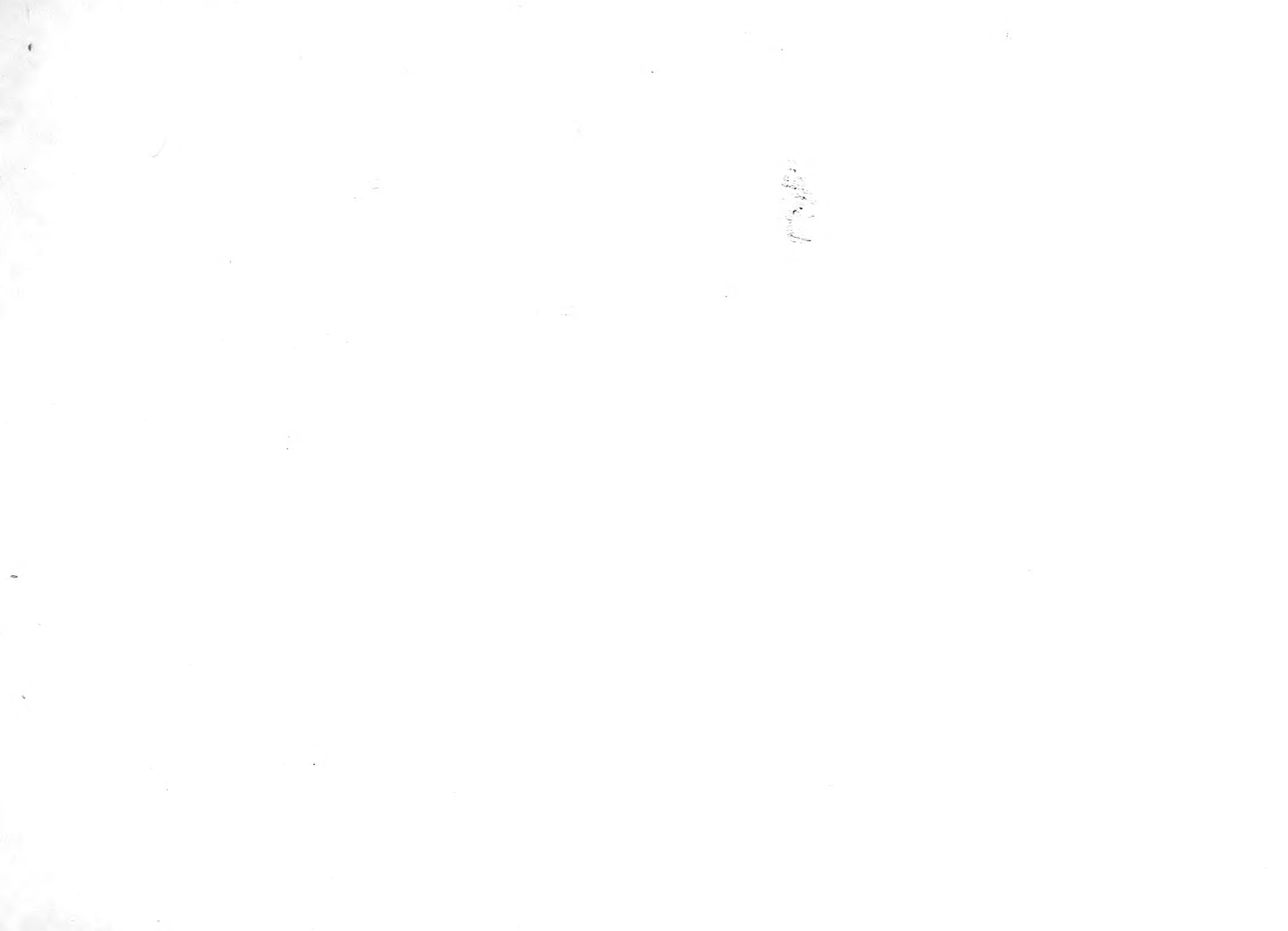
I thought of the golden city,
With its bright pearly gates ajar,
Where man's Saviour is now standing
Like a beautiful morning star.

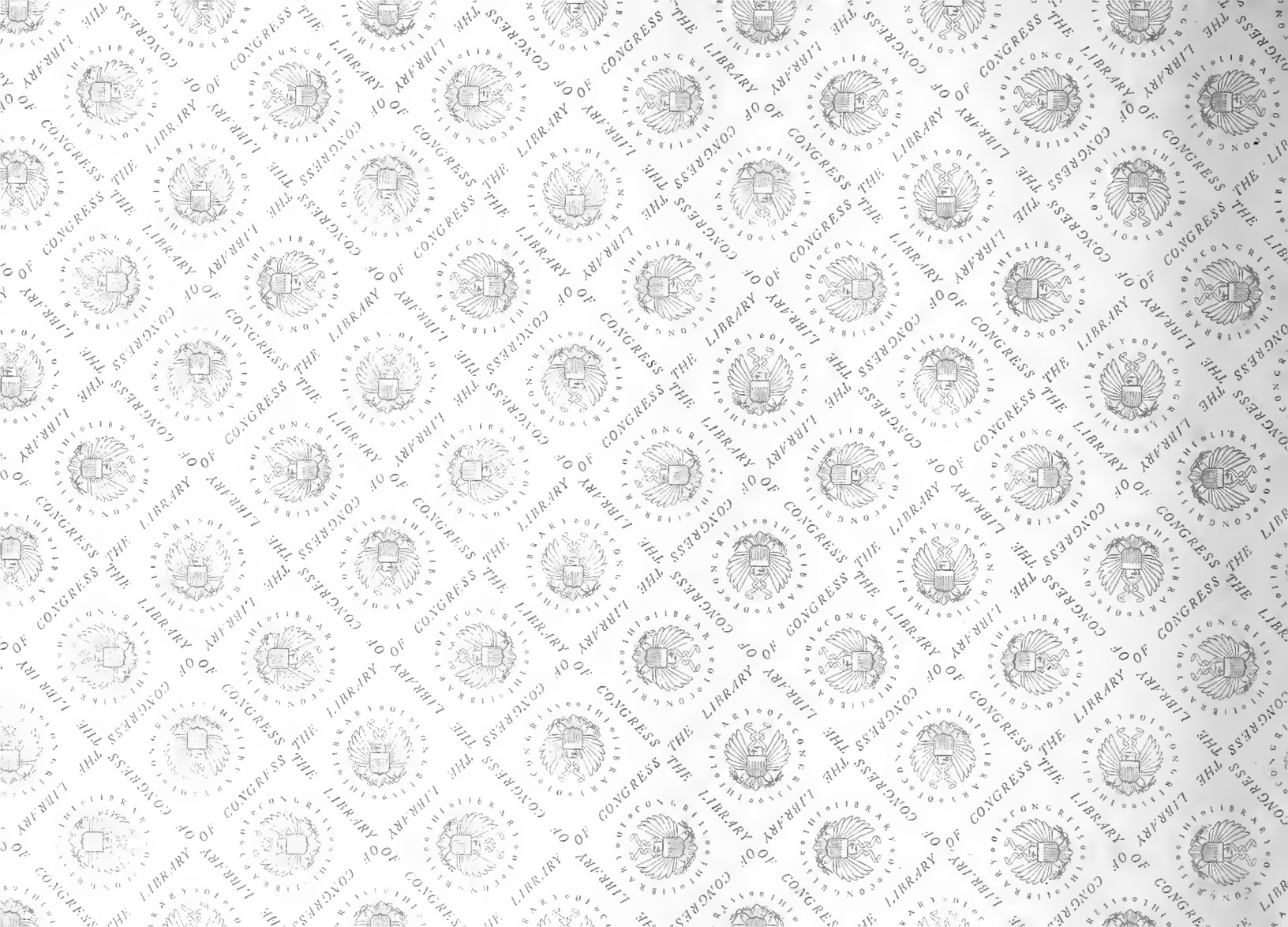
Then my heart was filled with rapture,
And my teardrops ceased to flow;
I'm a soldier now on duty,
In battles of life here below.

I know if I win the battles
That my joy will forever last;
At God's white throne I will rejoice
When many centuries have passed.



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